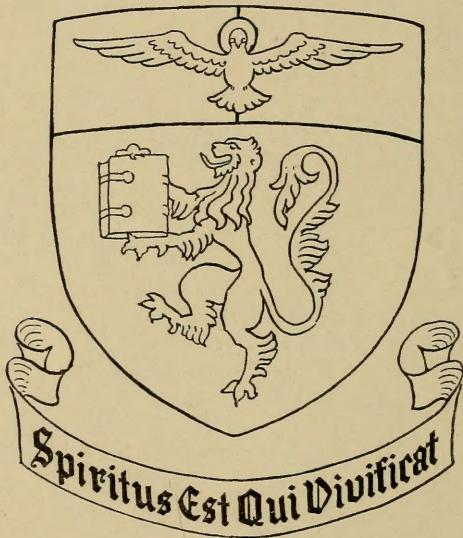




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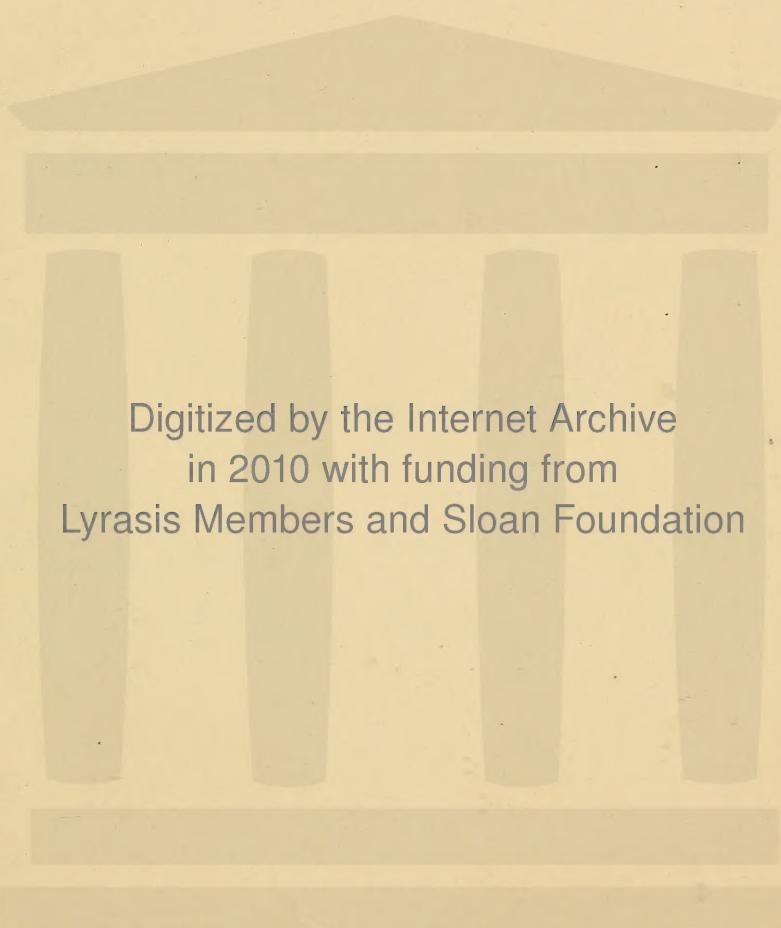
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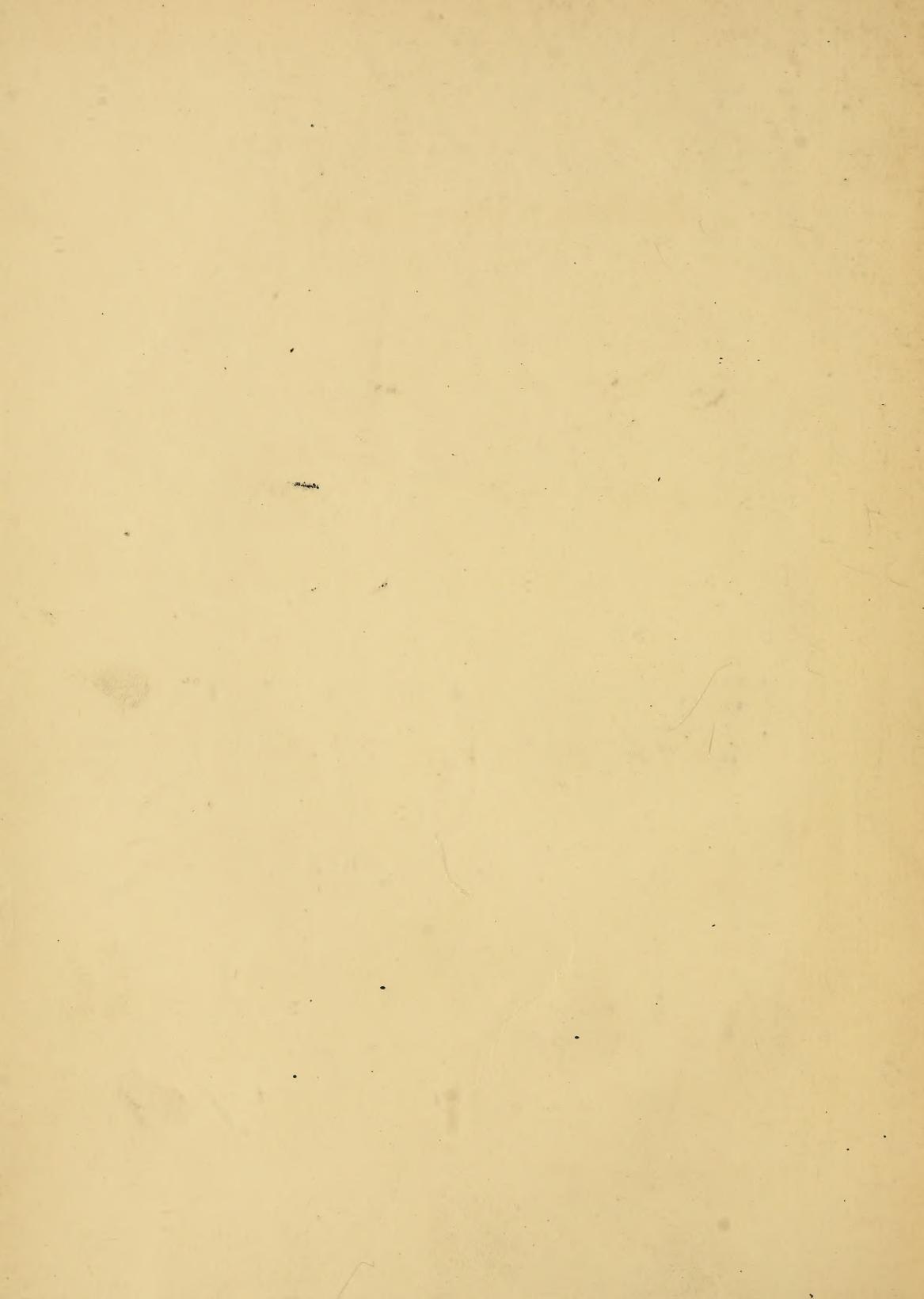
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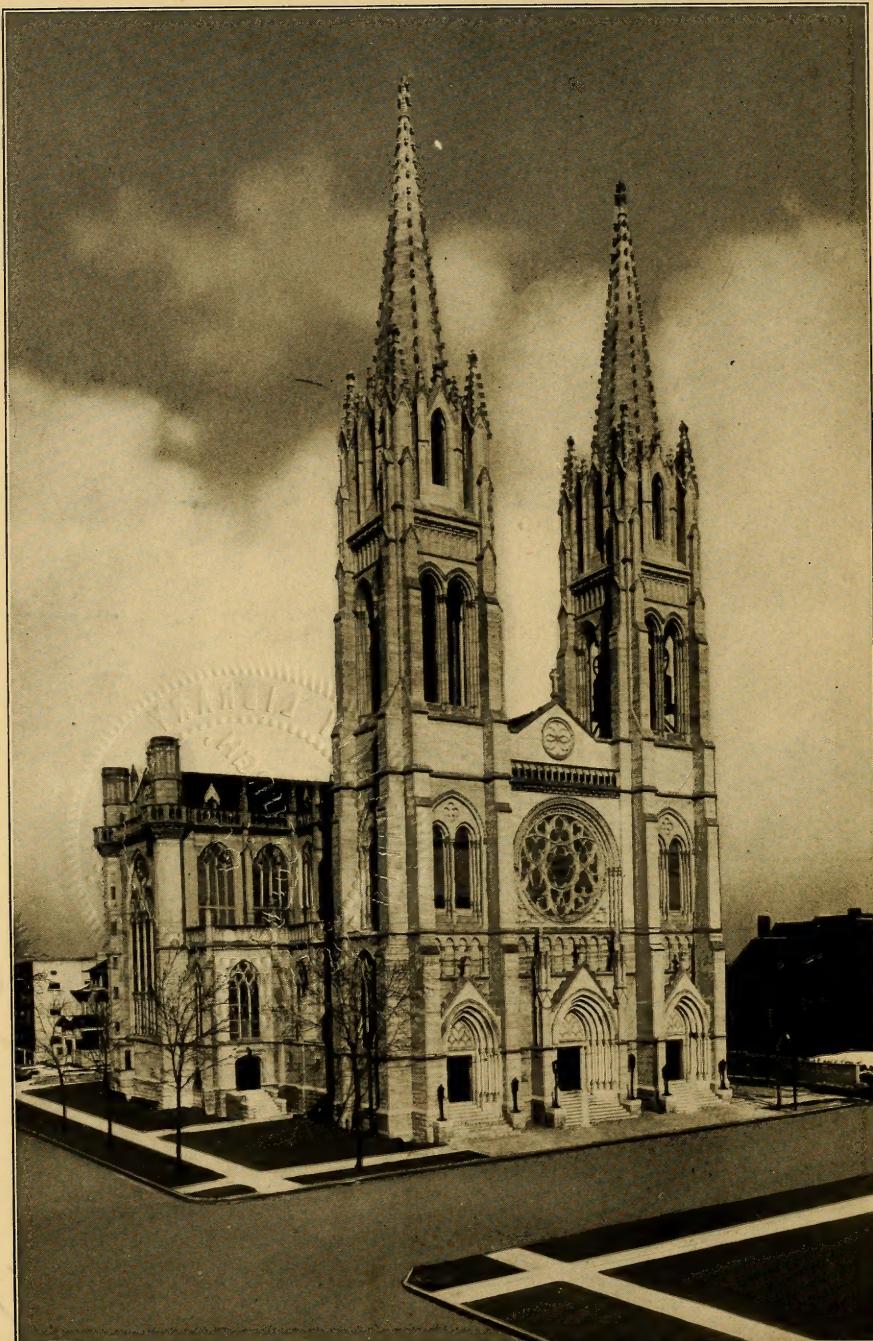
To K. Mc Caffrey  
Compliments of  
Hugh McAllister

Presented to me in Society in presence of  
Right Rev W. B. Keat. Sunday 11 a.m. Feb 14/1915.

To Our Pastor & Friend

Rev. Wm. McAllister

Compliments of Thos. Mc Caffrey  
March 23/15



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CATHEDRAL  
*The Pinnacled Glory of the West*

# THE PINNACLED GLORY OF THE WEST

CATHEDRAL *of the* IMMACULATE  
CONCEPTION

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PARISH  
A DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW  
CATHEDRAL—ITS DEDICATION CEREMONIES  
AND THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE  
RIGHT REVEREND N. C. MATZ, D.D.  
TOGETHER WITH  
BIOGRAPHIES OF MEN  
PROMINENT IN THE CIVIC AND  
RELIGIOUS LIFE OF  
DENVER



EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY  
**REV. HUGH L. McMENAMIN**  
RECTOR OF CATHEDRAL

FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
DECEMBER EIGHT  
NINETEEN HUNDRED TWELVE

BX  
1417  
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M167

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DENVER

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## Dedicatory

CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, DENVER, OCTOBER 27, 1912

By S. J. DONLEAVY

  
Years by the thousand are buried; the ages are hurrying by;  
Through the arches the myriads enter, to the graves  
where the shadows lie;  
The shrouds of the heart-stilled millions becarpet the  
byways of life,  
While the chains of the mocking passions are clanging  
in sensuous strife;  
The echoes are barbed with sorrows, where the light of  
the soul is dead,  
And the toll of the day is endless, and the dream of the night  
unfed:  
But the truth of the Church e'erlasting is the victor throughout the  
years,  
Speeding hope to the hearts of sadness, firing Faith through the  
burden'd tears.

  
It has circled the nation's splendor, it has bettered the waste  
of wars;  
God's grace has endowed it ever from His throne in the  
golden stars;  
It never has bent to the stormings, to the wild of the  
winter moon,  
Nor the frowns of the groaning cycles, nor the hate of  
the sandy noon;  
To the threat of the verging sword-bilt, to hebest of a  
kingly power;  
Nor bowed to the scorn of a seething morn, since the dawning of  
Peter's hour:  
'Tis the truth of the Mother changeless, through the night and the  
winding day—  
The faith in the Word of Jesus, in the Word that will live alway.

  
And here in this stately structure, set atop of the air-rare'd  
bills,  
Shall the Word of the Christ be spoken in the music of  
joy and thrills;  
And the harmonies rich shall quiver, and the melodies  
ring sublime,  
With "This House is My House," the anthem that shall  
chorus through ceaseless time;  
And out from its sinless bosom shall the cry to the  
erring go—

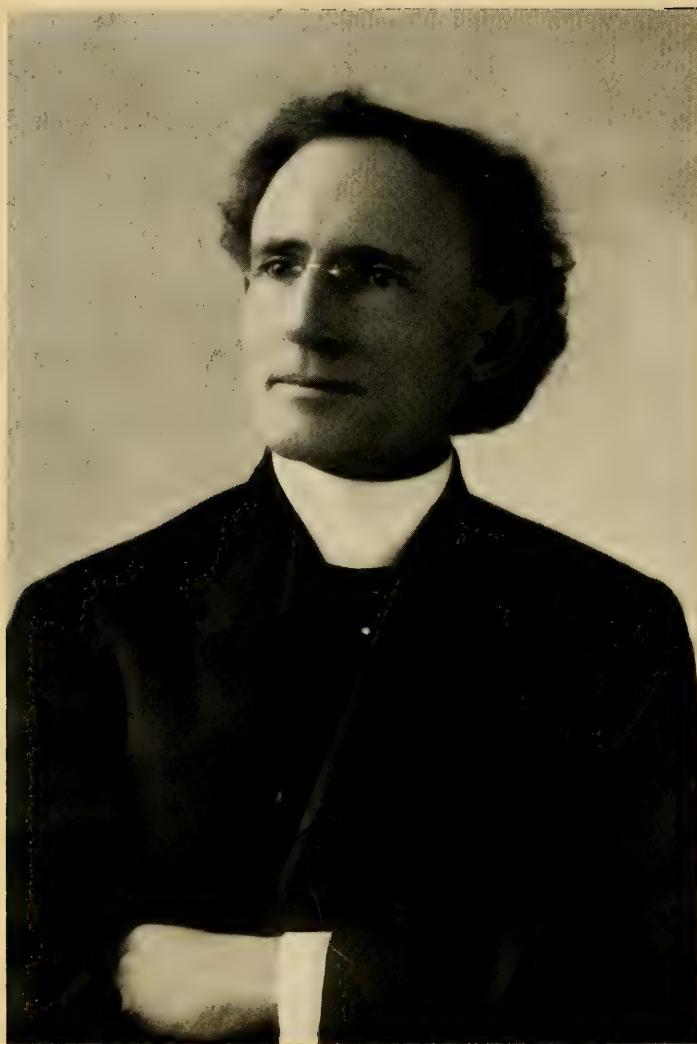
The thought of a gentle teaching that is pure as the winter snow.  
God's praise for this day of favor, for the blessing that's showering  
down  
From the hand of the Lord Eternal, from the lap of His mercy's  
crown!

“I WILL SET MY TABERNACLE IN THE MIDST OF  
YOU, AND MY SOUL SHALL NOT CAST YOU OFF.

“I WILL WALK AMONG YOU, AND WILL BE YOUR  
GOD, AND YOU SHALL BE MY PEOPLE.”

—*Leviticus 26: 11, 12.*

## **HISTORY OF THE PARISH**



Hugh L. Allen

# HISTORY *of the* PARISH *of the* IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

By REV. W. J. HOWLETT



IFTY YEARS in the life of a young community usually mark its prosperity, or its stagnation and death. Fifty years, plus two, have now passed since Denver was a village of three thousand inhabitants, with no edifice bearing aloft the sign of salvation. Today the Cross of Christ gleams over twenty parishes, and the era of probation and uncertainty passes away to give place to an era of fruition and further hope. That magnificent pile, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, is the sign of both. It is the petrified prayers, labors, and sacrifices of the past, and from it will go forth encouragement and strength for success in the future.

Fifty-two years ago last June the Parish of the Immaculate Conception was founded in Denver. At that time Right Rev. John Baptist Miége, S. J., was Bishop of Messenia and Vicar Apostolic of the territory east of the Rocky Mountains, and Denver was within his spiritual jurisdiction. Bishop Miége resided at Leavenworth, Kansas, and he was as much a missionary as his humblest priest. Kansas was not yet a diocese; it belonged to a vast missionary district, and its bishop and priests were traveling ministers of God, doing what good they could today and looking for more to be done on the morrow. They were never at a loss for work; for souls were calling to them from a thousand hamlets on the verdant hills and in the fertile valleys of a growing empire in eastern Kansas. And when the call came from the distant peak at the crest of the continent, there was but one able to answer, and that one was Bishop Miége himself.

Bishop Miége started from Leavenworth, accompanied by a Jesuit Brother, some time about the end of May, 1860. After various mishaps—including the breaking-down of his conveyance, which forced him to return for repairs after having gone sixty miles—he reached Denver in June. What he found here there are few now living to tell us, but a dozen Catholic families would be near the number, and the unmarried were too transient to be counted upon. A church, however, was a necessity, and he set about providing one. He secured a donation from the Denver Town Company of a piece of ground at the corner of Stout and F Streets, and urged his little flock to build a church. Plans were decided upon, committees appointed; and, with encouraging prospects, Bishop Miége left them to continue the work, while he would endeavor to provide a priest for the new district.

The question of providing priests for a new and growing country has always been a serious one, and never more so than in the young and rapidly filling-up West. Bishop Miége could not supply the necessary priests for eastern Kansas, and to send priests to

Denver meant greater privations for his people nearer home. He could send them only by taking them away from other equally needy places; yet he could not leave Denver and the mines without religious supervision and help. In his difficulty he consulted the Archbishop of St. Louis, and through him the other bishops of the province, and the solution of the problem was found in consigning the Pike's Peak region to the jurisdiction of the

Bishop of Santa Fé. This was not because Bishop Lamy, of Santa Fé, had more priests to spare, but Denver was more accessible to priests already



Father Howlett

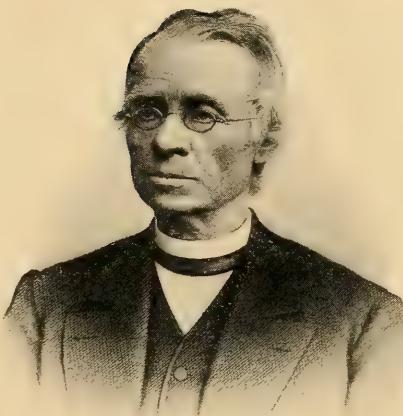
working in the Diocese of Santa Fé, which included Conejos, Costilla, and the southern portion of Colorado to the Arkansas River, where priests were already stationed. Bishop Lamy, also, seemed to be more fortunate in getting priests from France than many of the other bishops.

When Bishop Lamy received notice of this transfer, he was enjoying a visit from Father Machebeuf, of Tucson, Arizona. Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf had been lifelong friends.

They were born in the same diocese in France; they had studied in the same seminary; they came to America in the same ship; they labored close together in the missions of Ohio, and they had come to New Mexico together in 1851, since which time the ties of friendship had been strengthened by the mutual interests of their relative positions as bishop and vicar general. The circumstances of Father Machebeuf's coming to Denver were a little out of the ordinary, and I relate them here as I heard Bishop Machebeuf himself tell them.

"I heard of the discovery of gold at Pike's Peak," said Bishop Machebeuf, "but I heard it like all other news, without giving it any special attention; for I had no thought that it would ever affect me seriously. I was in Arizona building my church, and attending to the Mexicans and Indians around Tucson and San Xavier del Bac, when unexpectedly I received word that Bishop Lamy wanted to see me in Santa Fé. I set out immediately in my ambulance, and in due time reached Santa Fé.

"When I met Bishop Lamy, I asked him what was the business that called for my presence, and he replied: 'Oh, nothing in particular. I was lonesome, and I thought a little visit from you would do us both good. We see but little of each other, and we



Bishop Machebeuf  
The First Bishop of Denver

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Cathedral High School

owe ourselves a little legitimate pleasure in each other's company, when we can talk over the past, and renew old times and old memories.' All this was very good, and for a few weeks very pleasant; but I began to grow anxious about my mission and proposed to return to Arizona. Each time I spoke of returning, Bishop Lamy put me off, telling me not to be in a hurry; that it might be a long time before we should meet again; that the work in Arizona would wait for me without suffering, etc.

"Then came the news that the Pike's Peak region was confided to his care, and he was requested to send a priest to Denver. When he heard this, he came to me and said: 'I know now why I sent for you to Arizona, and kept you here when you wished to go back. It was Providence that did it. I must send a priest to Pike's Peak, and you are the very man for the place.'

"It was thus that I received my appointment, and I got ready and came to Colorado with Father Raverdy; and here I have been since."

Father Raverdy was not, as some thought, a relative of Father Machebeuf. He was born at Rheims, in France, in the year 1830. He came to New Mexico in 1859, and was shortly afterwards ordained by Bishop Lamy. Father Machebeuf chose him to be his associate in the new missions, and they arrived in Denver in the latter part of October, 1860. Not knowing the location of the church, Father Machebeuf drove into the town and encamped on a vacant lot at the corner of F and McGaa Streets, now Fifteenth and Market. A Catholic passing recognized them as priests and invited them to his house; otherwise they would have spent their first night in Denver, as they had spent the previous nights on the road, under their own tent.

When, on the following day, Father Machebeuf was conducted to the church site, he found little more than the foundation completed, with a small quantity of brick, lumber, and shingles piled around it. The committee had reached the end of their meager resources, and the long wait for a priest had discouraged them. Father Machebeuf had the work resumed immediately, adding his own little fund to what he could gather from the people while



Father Raverdy

making their acquaintance, and saying mass in the meantime in halls and private houses, as he found it convenient. The little church was only thirty by forty-six feet in size, and by Christmas he had it under roof. It was not plastered, and the windows were not in, but canvas was used to keep out the cold wind; and thus it was when the first mass was said in it—the midnight mass on Christmas, 1860. The church was finished and the windows put in for the Christmas of 1861.

Even then the altar was a very crude

affair—made of ordinary lumber, with a few shelves for candlesticks and flowers; but the tabernacle was a very pretty piece of workmanship, painted in colors and gilded, brought from New Mexico, and possibly from France before that. The communion rail was also very artistic, painted to represent marble, and, I believe, is in use now in the Church of the Holy Ghost, on Curtis Street.

The congregation was small when Father Machebeuf came, but it was growing; yet it was not able to support him and Father Raverdy without help from the other missions. In the beginning he was unable to set up housekeeping, but he and Father Raverdy lived in a frame-shed addition to the rear of the church. This was but twelve by thirty feet in dimensions, and was divided into three rooms. A little later a house was built; but this, too, was small. It contained a miniature study and bedroom for Father Machebeuf, a dining-room, kitchen, housekeeper's room, and a room for a hired man. Father Raverdy still occupied his former room in the shed addition, and visitors were accommodated as best they might be. This arrangement lasted until a part of the brick residence was built in 1870.

In 1863 Father Machebeuf brought the first church bell to Denver. It weighed eight hundred pounds, and the freight on it

from St. Louis was over a hundred dollars. He set it up on a derrick beside the church, and in the fall of 1864 it was blown down by a severe windstorm, and broken. In 1865 it was replaced by the beautiful two-thousand-pound bell, the musical sound of which issued from the tower of the old cathedral until that landmark itself disappeared. This bell was first set up on a crib made of logs and placed against the middle of the front wall of the church. The crib was covered with upright boards and battens, and made to look quite ornamental.

It did not interfere with entry to the church; for the church had no center entrance, but a door on each side of this crib opening directly upon each of the two aisles of the interior.



The Old Cathedral

In 1863 a parish school was opened, with a Miss Steele as teacher. It was a pay school, and was never very successful, although it was continued for a number of years. At first it was for both boys and girls, but upon the opening of St. Mary's Academy, in 1864, the girls were sent to that institution. On the subject of schools, it may be said, further, that Bishop Machebeuf tried to establish a high school and college for boys in 1874, but it was closed after a year's trial and failure. The real parish school was opened in 1878, in the second story of the new building at the corner of Stout and Fifteenth Streets. The Sisters of Loretto taught the girls and the smaller boys, while a layman taught the larger boys. This school prospered from the beginning, and, in 1891, was transferred to the magnificent school building on Logan Street, where it has since been, under the care of the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati.



Rt. Rev. J. B. Miége, D.D.



Rt. Rev. J. B. Lamy, D.D.

Father Machebeuf was, of course, the official pastor of the church, but he was absent a great part of the time, visiting other missions and attending to other business. Upon such occasions Father Raverdy was in charge. In 1866 Father Raverdy was sent as pastor to Central City, and Father Faure came up from Santa Fé to fill his place in Denver. Father Faure fell sick of typhoid fever in 1877, and after

his recovery he returned to New Mexico, and Father Matthonet came to Denver. Neither of these could speak English well enough to be able to preach; so that duty always fell to Father Machebeuf. The same was true while Father Raverdy was with him. But that did not affect Father Machebeuf; for he was always ready, and people even then said that he preached too often and preached too long. He always preached at both masses and at vespers, and scarcely ever less than an hour.

In 1868 Father Machebeuf was made bishop; but this did not materially change his relations with the parish. In March of that year he secured the services of Rev. John DeBlieck, S. J., whom he knew as president of St. Xavier's College of Cincinnati, to give missions in Colorado. The first mission was given at Central City; the second was opened at Denver on Friday of Passion Week. Father DeBlieck got sick before its close, and Father Machebeuf was obliged to finish it. Another mission was given in 1872, a third in 1876, and a fourth in 1877—all by the Jesuit Fathers. Father DeBlieck remained in Denver in charge of the parish until Bishop Machebeuf returned home after his consecration.



Interior of Old Cathedral



Rt. Rev. N. C. Matz, D.D.

When Bishop Machebeuf returned, he brought a priest—Father O'Keefe—who assisted at the cathedral that winter, and had charge the next summer while the bishop was absent in Europe. When the bishop returned from Europe, he brought with him a number of priests. Among them was Rev. Thomas McGrath, whom he kept in Denver as assistant. All the others he sent to different destinations. While they were in Denver, it was with the greatest difficulty that they were lodged, and some of them were forced to sleep on the floor for lack of beds. This made Bishop Machebeuf anxious for a larger house, and the next spring (1870) he built the first portion of his brick house.

In 1870 the railroads came in, and Denver began to grow rapidly. The little church soon got too small for the congregation. Its enlargement became necessary and was begun in February, 1871. The side chapels were built, the front was extended sixteen feet, the tower was erected, and the roof was raised nine feet. The raising of the roof caused some inconvenience, as it left the interior of the church exposed to several storms; but the work was done and the church made comfortable before Easter.

In 1871 Father Raverdy was recalled from Central City and permanently located in Denver, which remained his home until his death. In January, 1872, Father Robinson was ordained and installed as assistant, and Father McGrath was sent to Golden City. Rev. Theodore Borg, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, came to Denver at this time, and remained for a year or two. In May, 1874, Father Matz was ordained and became assistant, and in September Father Robinson was sent to Fairplay. Then came two newly ordained priests—Fathers Patrick Maguire and Vincent Reitmeyer, both of whom went to California in 1877. Father Matz was sent to Georgetown in August, 1877, and Rev. W. J. Howlett was made assistant at the cathedral. The bishop, with Fathers Raverdy and Howlett, then had charge of all of Denver and the near-by missions. In the absences of the bishop—which were frequent and sometimes long-extended—the other two had the burden, until toward the end of 1878, when Rev. John Wagner came from Chicago and was given charge of the German population of Denver, with the idea of

building them a church. Father Wagner began St. Elizabeth's Church, but went away before doing much, and was succeeded, in 1879, by Father Bender, who took charge, not only of the Germans, but of all Catholics west of Cherry Creek. In 1879, also, the Jesuit Parish of the Sacred Heart was established, and given all that part of Denver south of the Platte River and north and east of Twenty-third Street and Park Avenue. In 1881 St. Patrick's Parish was established in North Denver, thus giving the cathedral parish definite limits on three sides. The inclosure was made complete by the establishment of St. Philomena's Parish on the east in 1911.

The year 1880 was spent by Bishop Machebeuf in Europe, and during his absence the new brick residence on Stout Street was begun and almost completed. At this time Rev. P. L. McEvoy was assistant at the cathedral, as also, for a portion of the time, were Fathers Russell and Carmody. When Bishop Machebeuf returned from Europe, he brought with him Rev. P. Van Schie, who remained several years at the cathedral. Not long after this, Rev. John F. Quinn came to the diocese, and soon afterwards Rev. P. F. Carr, both of whom were stationed at the cathedral—Father Quinn until he left the diocese, in 1886, and Father Carr until the establishment of St. Leo's Church, in 1887.

The pastor of a cathedral parish is the bishop of the diocese, but ordinarily the administration is given to a priest, called the "rector." Bishop Machebeuf had no rector for his cathedral parish prior to 1884. In that year he appointed Rev. John F. Quinn to that position. Father Quinn was succeeded in 1886 by Rev. W. J. Howlett,

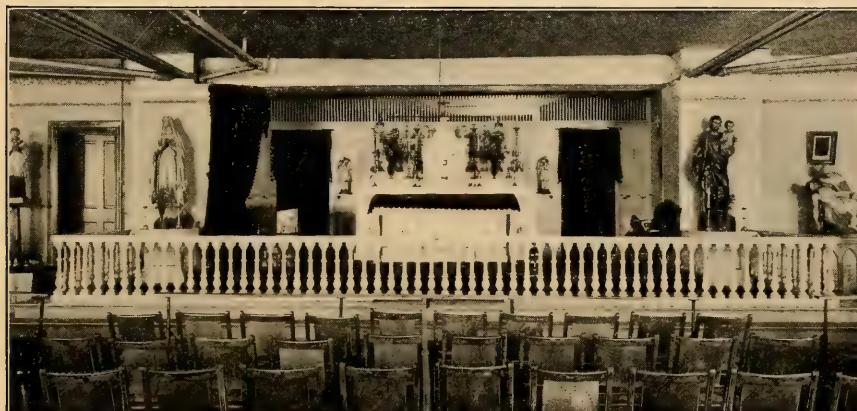


Bishop Salpointe

who resigned in 1887, but was reappointed in 1892. In the interval Bishop Machebeuf died, and Bishop Matz became bishop of the diocese and pastor of the cathedral. In 1890 he began the construction of the magnificent school building on Logan Street, the basement of which was prepared for services for Christmas, 1890. The entire building was completed, and the school installed, in 1891. The cost was something over \$50,000, and not a cent of this was charged up to the parish. From that time one-half of the parish gathered in the basement for worship, and the whole of it after a new division of the parish was made in 1905.

Rev. Daniel Lyons succeeded Father Howlett as rector in 1894, but he died in May, 1895; and his successor—Rev. Frank Sullivan—did not live long; for in October of the same year he, too, died. Rev. Michael F. Callanan was next appointed, serving as rector until 1902, from which time there was a vacancy, filled by Rev. P. A. Phillips as acting rector, until July 26, 1908, when Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin, the present rector, received his appointment, having filled the position ever since.

As assistants, besides those already mentioned, the principal ones have been Fathers Hickey, McDevitt, Whibbs, O’Ryan, McGavick, Winter, Brinker, Gieseler, Schmidt, White, Sullivan, Lajeunesse, Casey, O’Farrell, O’Malley, Belzer, Donovan, Henegan, McDonough, Neenan, Mannix, Bossetti. Many others passed a short time there while awaiting other appointments,



Chapel of the Pro-Cathedral

but these could hardly be classed as assistants; and the names of a few may have slipped from recollection.

The question of a new cathedral was one of more or less interest from early times. Bishop Machebeuf thought of it, but only in a remote way. As he said upon the occasion of the celebration of the golden jubilee of his priesthood: "After all, a cathedral is a question of money, of stone, and of mortar, while my work was, and should have been, a question of souls." Yet he did think of it, and several times he had reserved a location for it from among the pieces of property that he owned in the city. He scarcely expected to realize the idea himself. And it is better that he did not; for the city has changed since his time. None of his locations would now have been appropriate, and any cathedral that he could then have built would now be out of harmony with present conditions. Bishop Matz thought of a cathedral, and had its location ready, opposite the new school; but the panic of 1893 caused the idea to be laid aside until the advent of better times.

With the return of better times came also the conviction that the location chosen was not the best spot for a new cathedral, and, through the generous assistance of a few of the more wealthy parishioners, Father Callanan was able to secure that ideal location at the corner of Colfax Avenue and Logan Street. Better times also



Rev. J. F. McDonough

brought an opportunity to sell the site of the old cathedral, in 1900. The sale and demolition of the old church emphasized the necessity for more church room, and, to relieve the acuteness of the situation, mass was said in a down-town hall for those who could not well attend the chapel at Logan Avenue. In 1905 the down-town division of the parish was set apart as an independent parish, and Rev. F. Bender was appointed its pastor. Father Bender then built the present Church of the Holy Ghost. Reminders of the old cathedral may be found in this new church; for, besides the communion rail already mentioned, the altar is the one that stood in it for more than twenty-five years, some of the vestments are the same, and the sweet-toned bell is that which Father Machebeuf had brought to Denver in 1865, and the freightage of which by wagon across the plains cost \$305.90.

The disappearance of the old cathedral was, in a sense, a distinct loss to the Catholics of Denver; for the old church on Stout Street had been a religious center from the time when its location was far from the busy hum of temporal affairs until the day when the largest stores were surrounding it on all sides. It had grown into the affections of the people, and many of them carried away bricks from its dismantling. It had been the scene of the baptism, the first communion and confirmation, and the marriage of many of them, and it was from there that their friends had been carried to their last, long resting-place. It had witnessed the masses of hundreds of priests and prelates—some of them famous, but more of them known and loved in their own little circle. In it were performed solemn ceremonies, both joyful and



Rev. P. A. Phillips

**The Pinnacled Glory of the West**



Upper Picture, Home of Rt. Rev. N. C. Matz, D.D.  
Lower Picture, Home of Rev. H. L. McMenamin

sad—the ordination of priests, the consecration of a bishop, the funeral of priests and bishop. It was the resting-place of the tired shopper who sought its quiet to commune a few moments with God, and of the working-girl who entered to say a greeting to God as she passed to and from her daily task. It was the convenient gathering-place for penitents from every part of the city, where they knew they could always find relief from their burdens. It was filled with memories of the past, and of late, especially, of the dear, good, old bishop, whose activities had been so closely interwoven with it, and who seemed to be a part of the life of each and every one.

The sale of the old cathedral property did not, however, clear the way for a new cathedral. There had been a debt from the beginning, and this was increased upon two occasions by the building of the house, by the enlargement of the church itself, and by the building of the business block at the corner of Stout and Fifteenth Streets. The interest on the debt had also increased the obligation, and, when the property was sold, there was but a moiety remaining after all the obligations were liquidated. However, plans were prepared, and a general subscription opened, which was so promising that ground was broken for the new edifice in 1901. The excavations for the basement and foundations were made, when it was found that unfortunate investments had tied up the funds,



Rev. E. J. Mannix



Rev. Joseph Bossetti

devised, subscriptions were actively and successfully pushed, and the work of building the superstructure was begun. It is not necessary to enter into the details of the different contracts, nor to recount the personal and material difficulties inevitable in such a stupendous task. Let it be sufficient to say that Father McMenamin met every difficulty with a courage that conquered, and that in his plans he was encouraged and seconded, so far as possible, by his bishop, and helped nobly and with one mind by his corps of assistants—the junior priests of the parish.

The cathedral stands today completed—even including the damage done by a stroke of lightning on August 7, 1912; and, thanks to God, no other accident of any kind happened during its construction to mar the work or sadden the workmen. As might be expected, it was not built without a debt; but it is one that the

and the work stopped. It was resumed in 1906, and the foundations were put in and the cornerstone laid on the fifteenth of July of that year. Again there was a cessation of work, owing to lack of funds, and the future of the building looked very uncertain.

On July 26, 1908, a new rector was appointed in the person of Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin. A young man of talent, energy, and courage, he proved to be the man of the hour—the right man in the right place. Under him new plans for financing the undertaking were

parish can bear and extinguish, without painful efforts, in a few years; and it is not so great as might be expected when we consider that the work was undertaken and completed without calling upon the diocese at large for assistance. Upon this the congregation is to be congratulated; for they have done a grand work, and done it well. Large donations were expected from some, and were given; memorial offerings of windows, altars, and other pieces were to be looked for, and there was no disappointment; and the great body of the parishioners made their offerings, and made them often. They all deserve unstinted praise.

The cathedral stands today completed in every detail. The people have a cathedral, and this time a real one, in which they can worship. It stands as one of the finest, although not of the largest,



Rev. M. F. Callanan



Cathedral Holy Name Society



Laying the Cornerstone

as the communion rail, the episcopal throne, the pulpit, the confessionals, and the bases of its tall and graceful columns. The soft light streams in through thirty-six artistic windows of stained glass, filled with scenes from heaven and earth, casting a religious spell over the soul of the unbeliever as well as the believer. This gem of architecture—for gem it is, both in its conception and in its execution—is a fit offering of faith to the Almighty. It is the material masterpiece of religious accomplishment in the West, and in its massive proportions, its beauty, and its strength it is typical of the Church in the diocese and the city that have made it possible.

in the United States. Cruciform in shape, its dimensions 194 by 116 feet, of purest Gothic architecture, with clerestory, it is built of stone from its massive foundations to the tips of its twin spires 230 feet above the street. There is absolutely no wood in its construction or furnishings, except in its inner doors, its pews, the rail and panel of its organ balcony, and the case of its magnificent organ. Its altars, shrines, statues, and pedestals are of exquisitely carved Carrara marble. Its broad sanctuary steps are also of marble, as well



Capping the Spire

# RELIGION AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

One cannot enter a Gothic church without feeling a kind of awe, a vague sentiment of the Divinity. The forests were the first temples of God, and in them men acquired the first idea of architecture, and the forests of Gaul have here been introduced. The ceilings sculptured into foliage; those buttresses which prop the walls and terminate like broken trunks of trees; the darkness of the sanctuary; the twilight of the aisles—everything reminds one of the labyrinths of the woods, and everything excites a feeling of religious awe, of mystery, and of the Divinity.

—*Chateaubriand.*

RELIGION AND  
GOTHIC  
ARCHITECTURE



By MAE BRADLEY



AR BACK in the dawn periods of the earth, man was abased to terror and to tears by the unfathomable majesty of God's working. In primitive wonder at the glory of the open universe, he lifted up his soul in adoration of the great and universal spirit of Nature; as yet the world was unkindled by the flame of far-flung Truth blazing from the watch-towers of Christianity.

Monarchies rose and fell; imperial cities girding the Mediterranean sank into the dust of ignominy and decay; and the flight of untold centuries went in darkness before the flame-tipped torch of Christianity pierced the night of unbelief.

Egypt exerted her awful spell of grandeur; but that spell was broken. Greece, by the sway of classic art, made Athens the pagan shrine at which the known world bowed down in worship of the beautiful. Yet now the columns, the mighty ruins of their ancient temples, strew the wilderness of Egypt, Tyre, and Greece—so great were their exaltation and their fall. Even the seven proud hills of Rome, the Eternal City, look down upon the wreck of the Roman Empire, upon the splendor of Imperial Rome turned to the dust of ruin, and see within their encircling shadow that mightiest of Christ's shrines—St. Peter's, symbolical of the grandeur of the Church.

Since the birth of time, when God first shadowed forth the depths of His wisdom and His love in the ordinances of the hills, and gathered the waters of the earth in His hand, the human heart has thirsted for the beauty and the sanctity of some Being higher than itself. From the torch-bearing worshipers in the mystic temples of Eleusis, to the Mohammedan who kneels at noon-day upon the solitary, throbbing wastes of the desert in worship of Allah,

it is the same age-long search for Truth. Down the long aisles of human pomp and pride millions have gone their way into the silences; yet out of their ignorance has sprung, full-armed, the Church of the Living God.

When the tidings of Christ's lowly birth and divinity were heralded throughout the dominions of the earth and triumphed over paganism, the ancient temples of Rome were consecrated to the worship of God; and out of the chaos of unbelief, licentiousness, and sin arose Catholicism, in all its strength, purity, and world-reaching power.

But—

“The groves were God's first temples; . . .  
In the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication.

God's ancient sanctuaries shot toward heaven, fit shrine for  
humble worshiper,  
To hold communion with his Maker.”



Among the dim cathedral aisles of forests primeval, fretted with low-hanging moss and leafy bower, vaulted by the heavens, and lighted by the undying sun and stars, rolled back the anthems of the moaning wind. Mists and the fragrance of moist earth stole upward—sweetest incense in the tabernacle; feathered choirs praised Him in thrilling song; and it was here, in holy silence and in solitude, that man was first bowed down in simple adoration of his Maker.

Architecture is a subtle expression of the development of the human race since long before the dawning hymns of Christianity. It is a sculptured book of human progress—of its struggle upward from barbarism to the heights of civilization. It has flowered in step with mental and moral growth, and with the onward march of trade, science, and all human enterprise. It is the most all-embracing of arts; it is the visible glorification of the forces of Religion and Nature.

Classic religion gave birth to the purity and symmetry of Gre-  
cian architecture; the flaming spirit of the Crusades called the mellow glooms and upspringing wonder of the Gothic style into being. The first germ of this impassioned faith, kindled into creative energy, appeared about 1050 A. D., swelled forth with religious fervor among the Normans of France and England, and continued for centuries.

At the time of this mighty expansion and overflow of religious and spiritual power, when the Church directed the governments of the nations of the earth, the master-builders of the day reared the cathedrals in that proud Old World beyond the sea, to be the home of a Living God. Those shrines of the piety of the years that are gone shot heavenward with a fearless divinity worthy of the sanctuaries of God.

Solemn, beautiful, and eternal, these massive piles have stood the test of centuries. Within those shrines, where flamed the lamps of gold; where storied windows, seen dimly through dusky gloom, aroused the soul to reverence and to the same high imaginings as experienced in some gray Carthusian forest, the minds of thousands have grown colossal and felt the spot a fit abode for the hopes of immortality.

## The Pinnacled Glory of the West



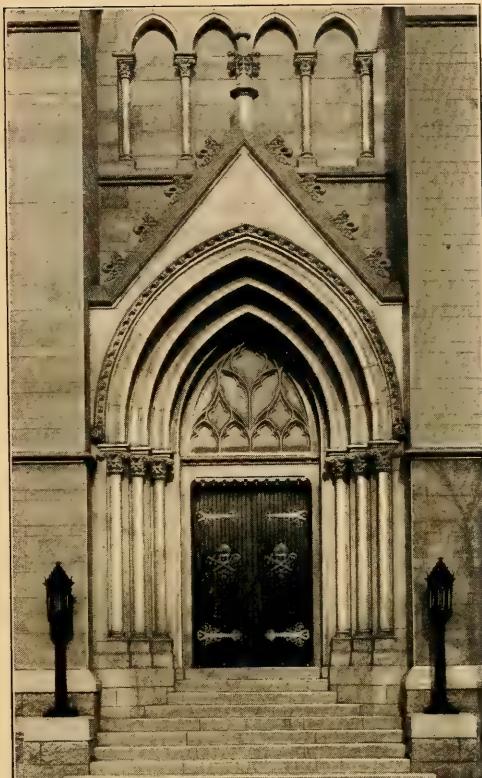
*"The groves were God's first temples; . . .  
In the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and  
supplication.*

*God's ancient sanctuaries shot toward heaven,  
fit shrine for humble worshiper,  
To hold communion with his Maker."*

Protestantism never produced a great artist. The heroic race of painters, architects, and sculptors that have adorned the world have been men imbued with the spirit of the splendid rites of Catholicity. The greatest Gothic cathedrals of the world—those of Milan, historic Cologne, and Amiens—dwarf Man and Present. These sanctuaries of space and silence, with their dim blaze of radiance, mysterious fragrance, and far-springing and lyric grandeur, are as the outer courts of heaven. They leave the soul open to aspiring thoughts of God and Eternity; and with their ever-burning lamps, telling of the Divinity that dwells forever there, they are the very realms of piety.

All differences of sect and country, race and station, melt into nothingness in these shadowy shrines of the Religion of Humanity. They are as a world apart—a world of garnered light; slender, far-springing pier, and glowing beauty; earthly structures in which power, glory, strength, and beauty are all woven in sculptured ecstasy.

Gothic architecture budded into the full-blown flower of soaring arch and pinnacle at that time when the power of the Church was at its height; and, because of this dominance of the Church, it should rather be called Christian than Gothic architecture. It speaks in a universal tongue to rich and poor alike; by its “sermons in stone,” and rich, storied windows, it addresses itself to the most



Side Entrance of Cathedral

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



The Cathedral Apse

illiterate, setting forth the noble outlines of the doctrines taught within its lofty walls.

The glitter, the glare, the glowing blazonry of eastern mosques, warm with gold and azure-veined, is often hewn in gems and marble in the wantonness of wealth and pride—in vain ministry to the senses. But the spires that seek to scale the skies in the “Easter Voice of Triumph,” proclaiming above the tumult of the fevered marts of men that “Christ is risen,” uplift the human soul above avarice and restless greed, toward God.

The vastness of these mighty fabrics reared by man grows but to harmonize; religious fervor fired and animated their builders; and the mind today contemplates with awe their majesty of perfection. Words can but faintly picture their eloquent proportions; their sun-silvered pinnacles, trembling with light, inflame the imagination and elevate the soul beyond the pettiness and the tragedies of human life.

These Gothic cathedrals—offspring of man’s piety, genius hung in the dim air by the witchcraft of art—are “frozen music.” They are as the glorious symphonies of Beethoven, shadowing forth in melodies of stone the tragedies and the beauties of life, and expressing in depths of gloom and contrasting shadow some of the world’s wrath and trouble.

Gothic architecture is the hand-maiden of Nature. The arched interior, with clustered pillars, aspirant as lambent flame, soars upward in graceful height from



Front Entrance of Cathedral

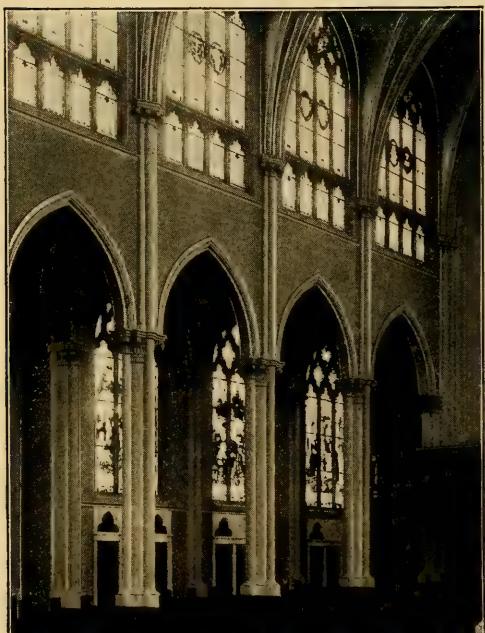
capitals wrought in floral sculptured beauty of foliage, grapes, wheat, and flowers, out of the fulness of Nature's bounty.

Denver's Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, the Pinnacled Glory of the West, dedicated on the morning of October 27 by His Eminence, John Cardinal Farley, of New York, with somewhat of the color, pomp, and imposing pageantry of the Old World ceremonies of centuries ago, is the glorious fulfilment of an ambition of the Catholics of Colorado, which has beaten vainly against the bars of reality for thirty-two years or more, and which was released only by the unceasing efforts of Bishop N. C. Matz, Father Hugh L. McMenamin, pastor of the cathedral; others of the clergy, and the golden sacrifice of the members of the cathedral parish.

Expressive of God's mercy, where rich and poor meet on a common level, the vast cathedral rises in austere simplicity within the very shadow of the Rockies. Wrought in pure French Gothic style, it is an outgrowth of the centuries that have gone before. Had it not been for the colossal genius of such men as Michael Angelo, and the unknown architects whose visions, frozen in the

stone of the mightiest cathedrals of Europe, have flamed down the dark of countless centuries, this cathedral of Denver might never have reared its proud spires heavenward within the capital city of the West.

Clear faith—that faith that shrines the miracle of far-off Bethlehem and looks in wide-eyed wonder upon the lonely horror of Gethsemane—steals through the vast spaces of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception.





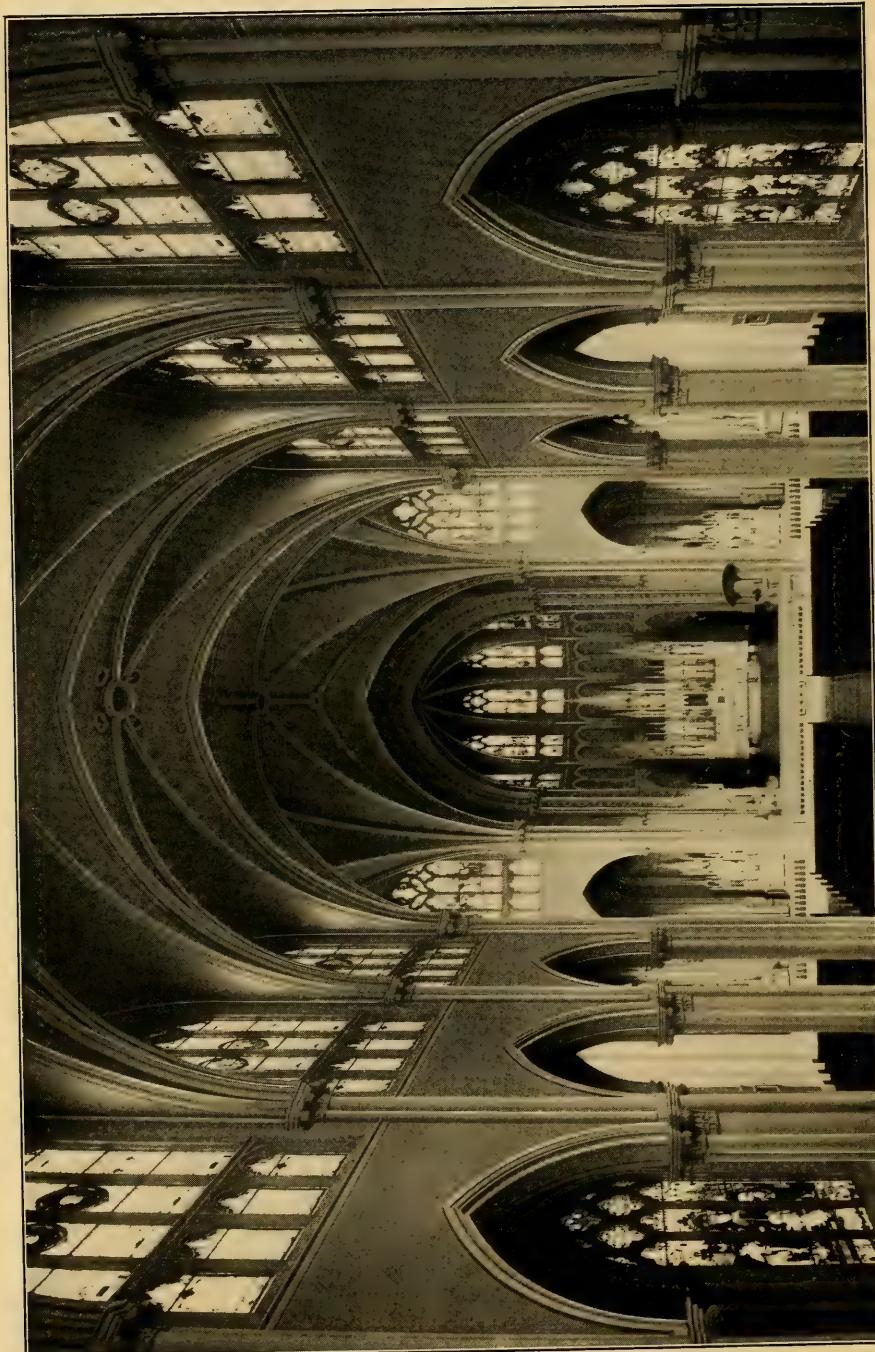
Interior View from Sanctuary

The entire structure, built of gray Indiana Bedford stone, with its walls wrought in universal ornament, its delicate window tracery, its crowds of airy pinnacles trembling in the light of rosy dawn or twilight shades, its twin spires piercing the azure of a Colorado sky, and its wealth of pure Carrara marble, cost more than \$500,000.

The exterior of this cathedral is as a great poem, made majestic by a rich blend of lyric sprightliness and masses of gloom. It is true to the "lamp of power" blazed by Ruskin as a requisite of balanced architecture, when he says, in his own style, so purely, so exquisitely Ruskinesque: "Rembrandtism is a noble manner in architecture—with the frown upon its front and the shadow of its recesses. No building was ever truly great unless it had mighty masses, vigorous and deep, of shadow mingled with its surface."

The structure is one of unbroken symmetry; it is fearlessly up-springing; it is calm and perpetual; and, in looking upon its inaccessible remoteness, the mind runs upward along the viewless chain

## The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Interior View from Choir Loft

of spiritual sympathy until it loses itself in infinity. It comes upon the mind much in the same simplicity, dignity, and strength as the slow thunder-tones of a mighty organ rolling sound upon sound to highest heaven.

The cathedral is the vision of the modern master-builder, Leon Coquard, of Detroit, crystallized in stone. Its buttresses and walls, rising to a crowd of silvered pinnacles running along the topmost balcony some seventy feet aloft, express the aspirations of their creator. Warm, vibrant shadows, where the warm sun sleeps, rest like a benediction among the buttresses, and the pierced traceries of door and window.

The twin spires, incrusted with acanthus leaf, rear their proud heads heavenward over two hundred feet, and look down with a calm sublimity and peace upon the tumult and ever-passing pomp of human pride. Immutable it stands, destined to keep eternal vigil down the long flight of centuries—to keep watch over the storms and sunshine of human life, as it lives its little hour uplifted to hopes of immortality. Generation after generation will kneel in silent prayer within the mellow light of the immense interior. The pageantry of world-old ceremonies, the joyful procession to the marriage altar, and the last, solemn watch of death will all be held within its hallowed walls.

Step within the heavy golden doors, emblazoned with the insignia of the Church Episcopal! The heart is thrilled to exaltation by the vast and far-springing wonder of the nave, which is a hundred and ninety-five feet in depth and a hundred and sixteen feet across. Looking far northward toward the distant altar, before whose gleaming whiteness will ever burn the swinging altar lamps of gold, the fulness of impression is overpowering.

Graceful columns, soaring from their marble pedestals in cream-toned arches, lose themselves in upspringing ribs that impel the eye to the very apex of the vaulted roof. Clustered, slender piers expand in capitals, wrought in flamboyant leaf-moldings that nestle in the hollows and clasp the shafts with natural leaves.

And out of rich leaf and grape-bunch, redolent of the yellow effulgence of autumn, spring the lofty ribs, as though robbed of



Looking Toward the Rear

weight by the cunning of the chisel. The lateral walls, pierced each with a transept window—architectural and pictorial masterpieces in themselves—rise into storied windows, with their warm and vibrant richness of color.

When the sunset splendor floods through the western chancel windows, and melts in the dusky glow of rising incense and the rolling anthem notes, the heart is bowed down in deep and silent prayer. The moods of the vast interior are ever shifting. When twilight's somber hosts wheel through its dim immensity, a light as warm as a wavering and meditative flame is shed through the subdued splendor of the windows.

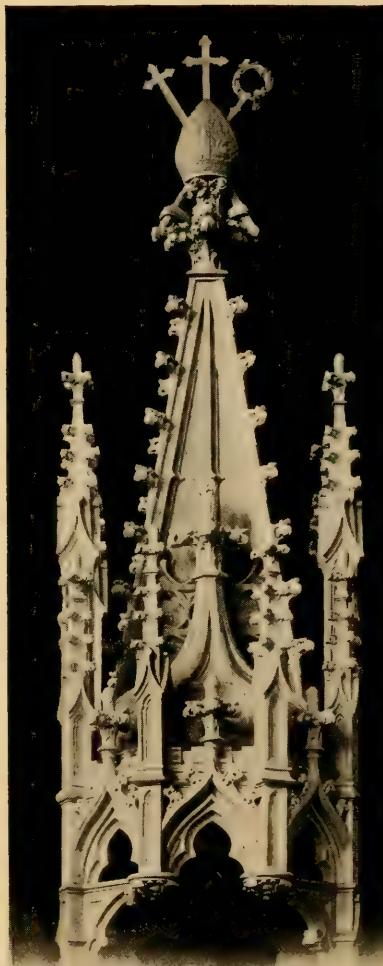
Then, overcome with poppied charm and half-forgetfulness, faint, far rememberings swell upon the memory; and the soul drifts among whispering pines, and muses unafraid and tenderly upon the Stations of the Cross. Then, when the sun flushes the pallor of the eastern sky, and dawn surges in flame and gold over hills

and vale and city, the light of faith triumphant streams through the magnificent rose window, and trembles with the glow of the Holy Grail upon the far marble whiteness of the soaring altar.

The riches of the earth have been garnered for the glorification of this new cathedral. Marble from those peaks in far-off Italy, whose craggy heights scale the sky in deathless snow above the town of Carrara, has been chiseled into dreams of enduring beauty.

The interior is wrought in the form of a cross; small lateral aisles being formed by lofty arches which are arrayed about the corners of the gospel and epistle. The organ loft shadows the entrance to the nave, and, beyond the perfect unity of curve, proportion, and pointed arch, strikes a perpetual chord of feeling in the heart. The arched interior, toned to softest beauty by cream-tints, warmed into a more tender light by the glow of the deep-red, marine-blue, and gold of the windows, is exquisite in its austere simplicity.

The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception might well be called the crowning glory of western architecture. Of pure French Gothic style, it reflects the splendor of the greatest cathedrals of Europe. It is perfect in unity, and shadows the prime doctrines of the holy faith taught within its walls. It is a flower of Religion, the fragrance of which is as incense raised to God—an outward and visible token of a people's adoration!



Spire of the Bishop's Throne

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Guardian Angel and Child

## **ART AND RELIGION**

Under chiseled touch of master-hand, the stone to  
breathing sprang,  
And sunbeams wrote in beauteous glass the tale  
that ages sang.  
The cultured sire, the unlettered swain, before  
these marvels kneel;  
The silent lips are eloquent—all understand and  
feel.

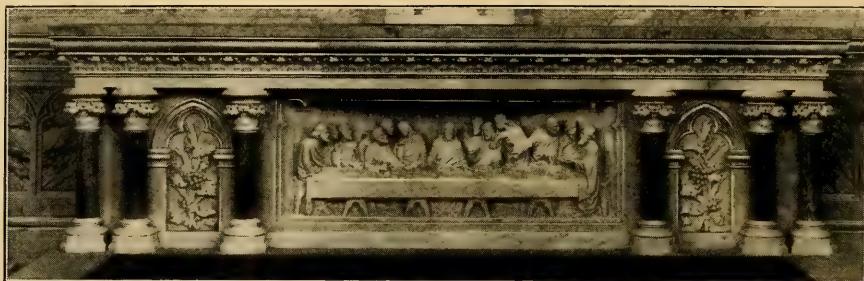
## ART AND RELIGION



STUDY OF ART as it unfolds itself, coming to us through the centuries that have gone, establishes the fact that its most inspired and admirable works have ever been those in which the artist strove to give expression to religious sentiment.

If we find fault with the art of antiquity—that of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans—that fault is traceable to the religions of antiquity. The majesty, the elegance, the grace and beauty of art were present; but the messages it sought to convey were unworthy. The art of Greece and Rome excelled in delicacy and brilliancy of technique, and in grace and beauty of conception; while that of Assyria and Egypt was crude and rough. The latter, however, dealing with the mystic and symbolic, arouses, even in its ruins, deeper feelings of awe in the minds of the beholders than do the more refined and beautiful remains of Greece and Rome, where gods were made in all things like men, and art made no effort to render men God-like.

How different was the attitude of the Jewish mind upon the subject! The laws of Moses and Solomon had consecrated art to the service of God. Only in the Holy of Holies, in the Temple and Tabernacle, was Jewish art allowed to express itself in symbolic figures. Semitic art was essentially symbolic, and the debasing of such images and symbols led to the sacred legislation of Israel against their general execution; and the employment of this symbolism in the sanctuary of the Temple brought home to the minds of the Jews that the costliest works of art should render service to God. And thus was solemnly and eloquently enforced the truth that the end of art is the glory of God.



Alto-Rilievo on Altar

### CHRISTIAN ART

In art, as in all things else, the world seemed to have awaited the coming of Christ, who in the lowliness of His birth, the sublime tragedy of His death, the glory of His resurrection, gave themes to art worthy of the skill and genius that patient centuries had evolved.

Our Divine Lord, ever sympathetic and compassionate toward the weakness and frailty of humanity, spoke often in picture-language, teaching in poetical parable great truths which, in the abstract, the human mind could not have so clearly comprehended. In this His Church found divine example for the employment of pictures and symbols to assist the mind in grasping the great truths of religion and in interpreting their meaning.

Frescoes, bas-reliefs, carving, and statuary in the cathedrals attest to the early recognition of art as the handmaid of Christianity. The earliest of these frescoes, found in the catacombs, present scenes from the Old Testament, paintings of the Nativity, and illustrations of the parables; while perhaps the first example of Christian statuary is the image of the Good Shepherd with the lost lamb upon His shoulders, now in the Lateran Museum.

“A century after the conversion of Constantine, representations of sacred scenes and personages obtained a recognized place in Christian churches, responding to a real need of the people,” says a writer on the subject; and he further relates that Nilus advised Olympidorus to fill the holy sanctuary with paintings of the histories of the men of the Old Testament, “in order that those who are unable to read the Divine Scriptures may, by looking at the paintings, call to mind the courage of men who have served the true God

and be stirred to emulation of their heroic exploits.” Then began that “Golden Age of Art,” under the inspiration and patronage of the Church, which has given the world its most marvelous examples of architecture and painting, mosaics, marbles, and bronze—all vibrant with a living faith.

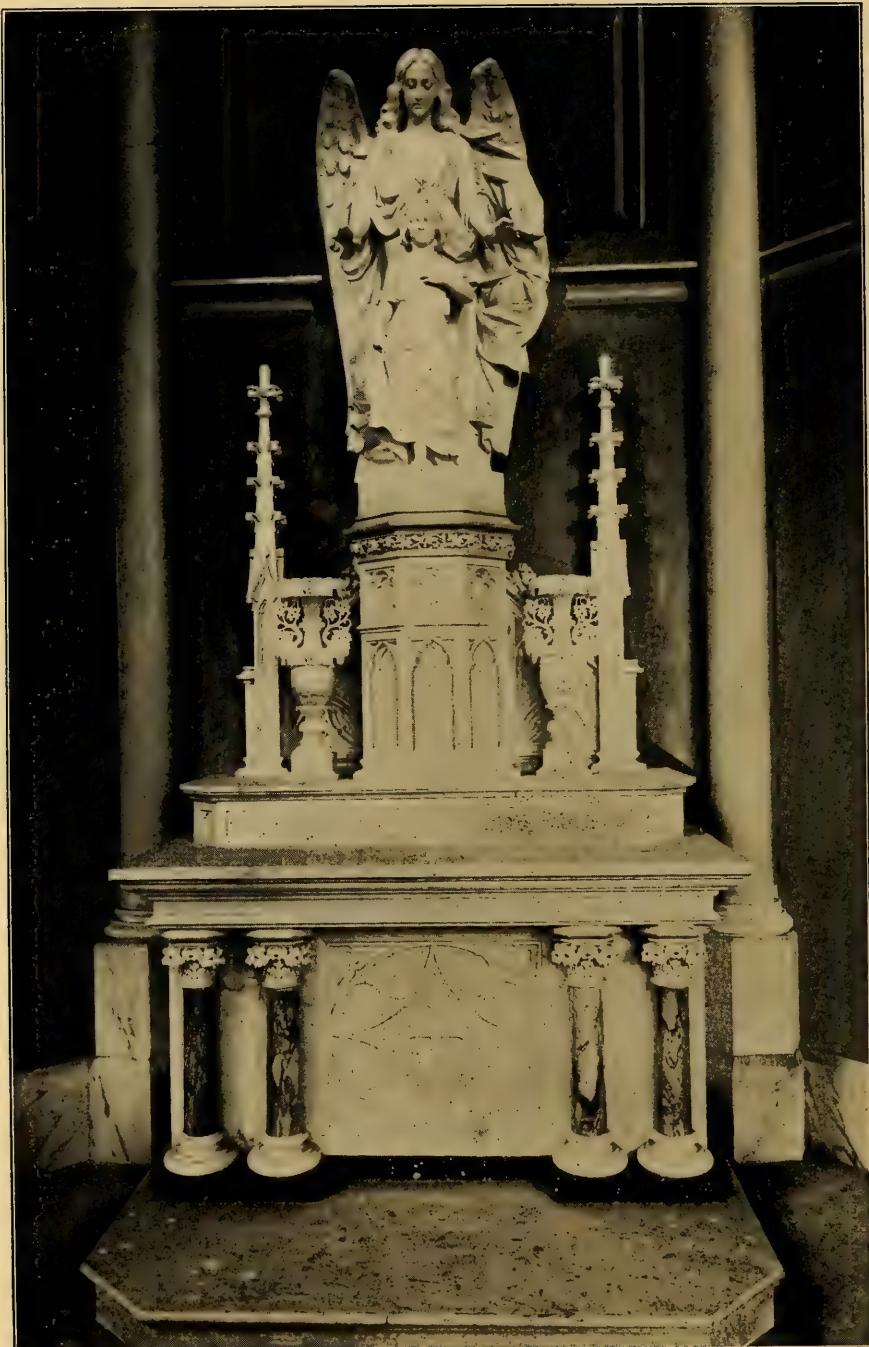
Viewed from the lower plane of æsthetic development and social necessity, it is fitting that the House of God should have commanded the best thought, the best skill, the finest material, and the richest

decoration available to mankind. For, with all races, the Temple of Religion is the collective home in which each devout one has his place and his share. No matter how narrow may be his daily life, how humble and even mean his dwelling-place, how removed from all possibility of enjoyment the treasures of art possessed by the wealthy—in his church man shares in the full possession and enjoyment of the most noble of dwelling-places, and is softened and refined by the contemplation of the most beautiful in art. Thus should elegance, in church-building and adornment, find ample economic justification in the eyes of the most grossly practical.

In early days the patronage of the Church fostered the development of



Angel of the Lily



Guardian Angel and Child



Angel of the Rose

talent among the artists and secured to the world for all time the greatest productions of the world's masters. In this way have exquisite mosaics, bas-reliefs, frescoes, and marbles been inspired and dedicated to the glory of God.

This patronage was as fortunate for the nature of art as it was for its preservation; for the Church drew to her men of the finest intellect and most cultured taste. Her priests and prelates were by nature and education better fitted to direct the choice of theme and manner of treatment, in pictures and statuary, than were the more warlike and barbarous temporal princes and barons of the middle and later ages. Thus the same great institution that preserved to the world the treasures of classic literature kept alive

the best in art traditions, proving in this, as in all things, the greatest single factor in the construction of a new civilization upon the remains of the old.

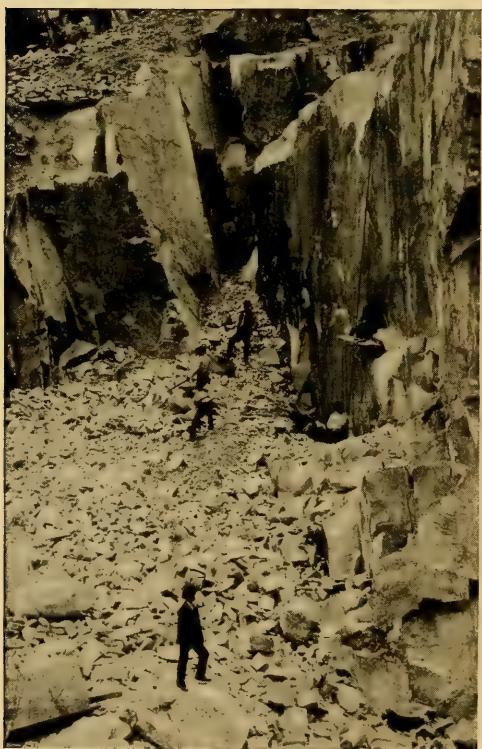
If the Church was providentially favored in having among those who served her such artists as Giotto, Fra Angelico, Domenichino, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, Van Dyke, and Rubens, art was blessed in receiving from the Church the most beautiful, inspiring, and sacred of themes.

CHRISTIAN ART EXEMPLIFIED IN DENVER'S CATHEDRAL

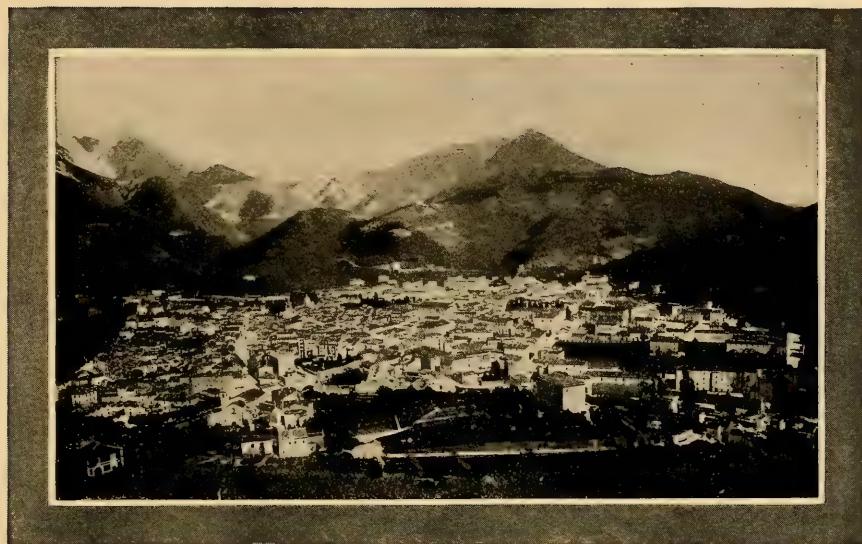
That the churchmen of today recognize the power of art to lift the minds and hearts of men to God, as did those who patronized the geniuses just named, is evidenced by the manner in which they continue to borrow from the inspiration of those masters, as well as by the new creations that holy faith continues to inspire. Nor need we go farther than the open door of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Denver for proof thereof.

What a world of beauty; what volumes of inspiration; what lofty, prayerful thoughts that open door unfolds! There, in wonderfully colored glass, in whitest marble, in alto- and bas-relief, as well as in mural painting, is told, in language which all can understand and feel, the story of Christianity: the mysteries of the rosary—joyful, sad, and glorious; the life of Christ, from conception and birth to death and burial; His mercies and His miracles; the early struggle of the Twelve, and the triumphs of our Holy Church.

Let those art and architectural critics who seek foreign lands to marvel at the beauties of the Old World cathedrals come first to Denver and see this modern sanctuary! Simple, indeed, it is; but the purest Gothic lines are here, filling one with heaven-reaching aspirations; its softly tinted walls accentuate the graceful arches; while, in radiance of gold and rose and heaven's blue, its windows reflect the sunlight in a thousand prismatic gleams, and a wealth of marble,



Blasting the Marble



Town of Carrara

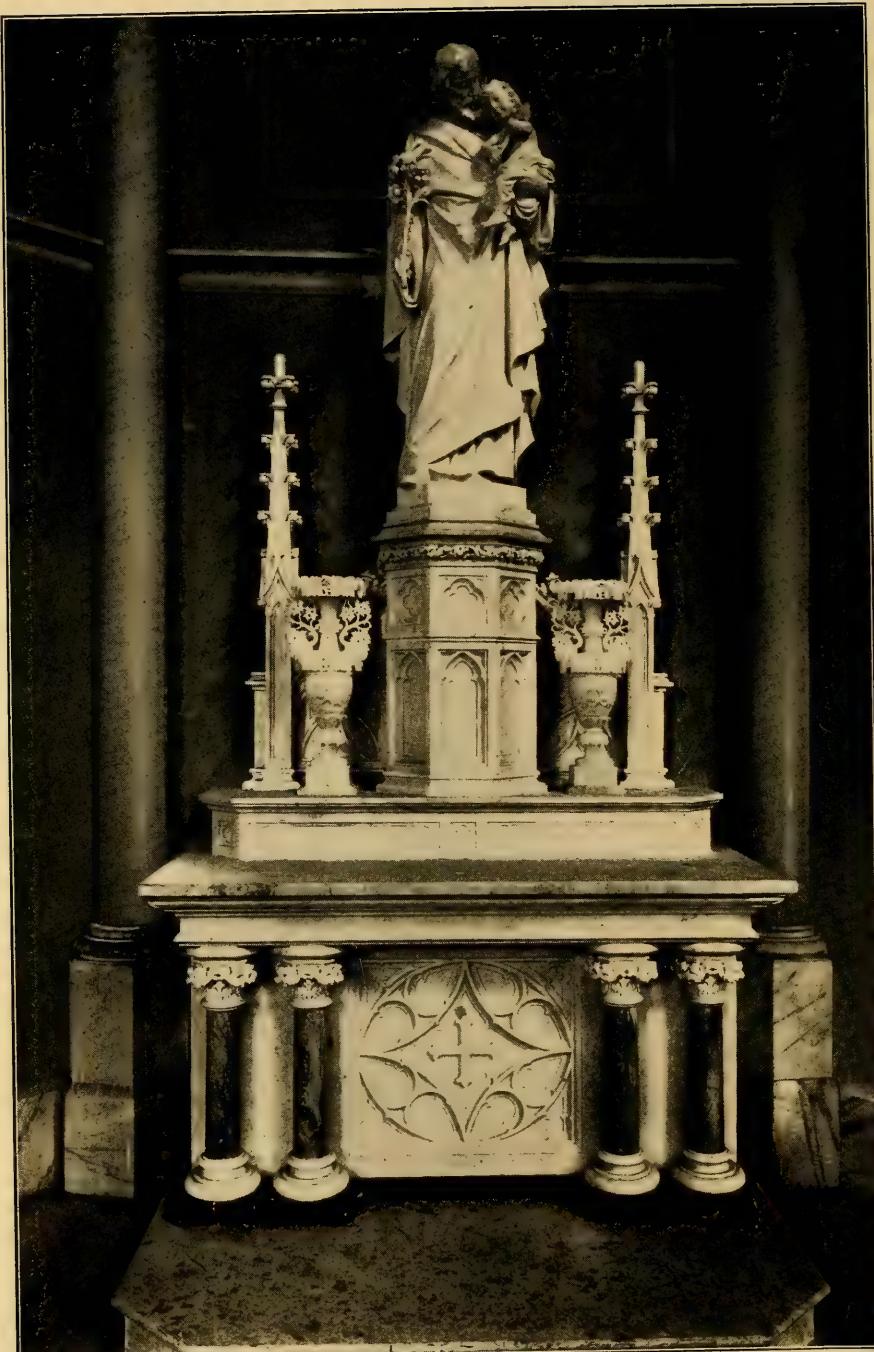
pure and chaste as heaven's dew, raises man's thoughts to all of purity and peace. But let us not anticipate, but pause to study this wonderful interior in detail.

#### ITS MARVELS IN MARBLE

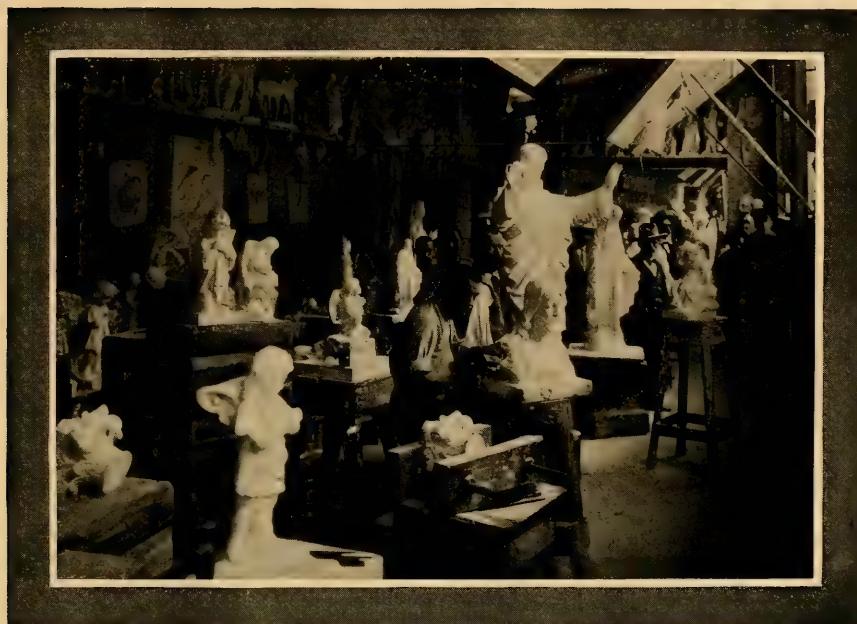
Far in the north of Italy, in that "Hill of Luni" of which Dante speaks, rise snow-white peaks, which in the sunset glow turn pink and rosy as the evening clouds. Stern slopes are these and rugged, with many a crag and peak and precipice; almost impassable, it would seem, as they rise against the matchless blue of the Italian sky, in ever-varying shades, from the richest royal purple to steely gray. It is a strange contrast, that of grizzled mountain peaks, snow-mantled mountain slopes, and emerald valleys, even in this land of contrasts, Italy—

"The home  
Of all Art yields and Nature can decree."

Even in the summer days, when the sun's rays beat in almost tropic intensity upon these snowy slopes, the white pall is there. It never melts into gurgling waters and happily frolics to the seas; for it is snow in stone—the marvelous marble for which Carrara has long been famous.



Shrine of St. Joseph



Atelier Where the Statues Were Carved

Here was quarried the Roman "Lunensis"—so named from the neighboring port of Luna; and from these mountain fastnesses has come nearly all the material for the world's greatest sculptures. Seventeen hundred tons of Carrara marble were used in the construction of Trajan's famous column in Rome; Michael Angelo would have naught else in which to embody his magnificent conception of Moses; Canova used it for his masterpieces; and all the sculptors of the ages have vied with each other in chiseling from this purest stone, dreams, visions, marvelous creations of art, with genius wielding

"The chisel, and the stricken marble growing  
Swiftly to beauty."

The marble quarries are among the most interesting scenes in all this interesting land of Italy, and the town of Carrara is a busy home of industry. Nestling at the foot of the Serrovezza and Carrara ranges of mountains, a thrifty, busy little place, Carrara is the home of thousands of marble-workers; for the mountains afford a livelihood to many busy workmen.

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



The Pulpit

Garnering this harvest from the very depths of the earth is not the easiest of avocations; for the finest marble lies deep within the hills, and often can be obtained only by blasting with dynamite, the quarrymen being lowered over the edge of a steep cliff to fire the charge—not altogether an easy thing to do, if one is at all of a nervous temperament. The cliffs are nearly perpendicular, and, after the charge is placed, should there be too much delay in pulling up the rope with its human freight, there might be one less workman in Carrara.

Blasted from the rock, hewn into mighty blocks, the marble is placed upon a *lizza*, or sled, and hauled to the railway by oxen, often twenty of them being necessary to drag one block.

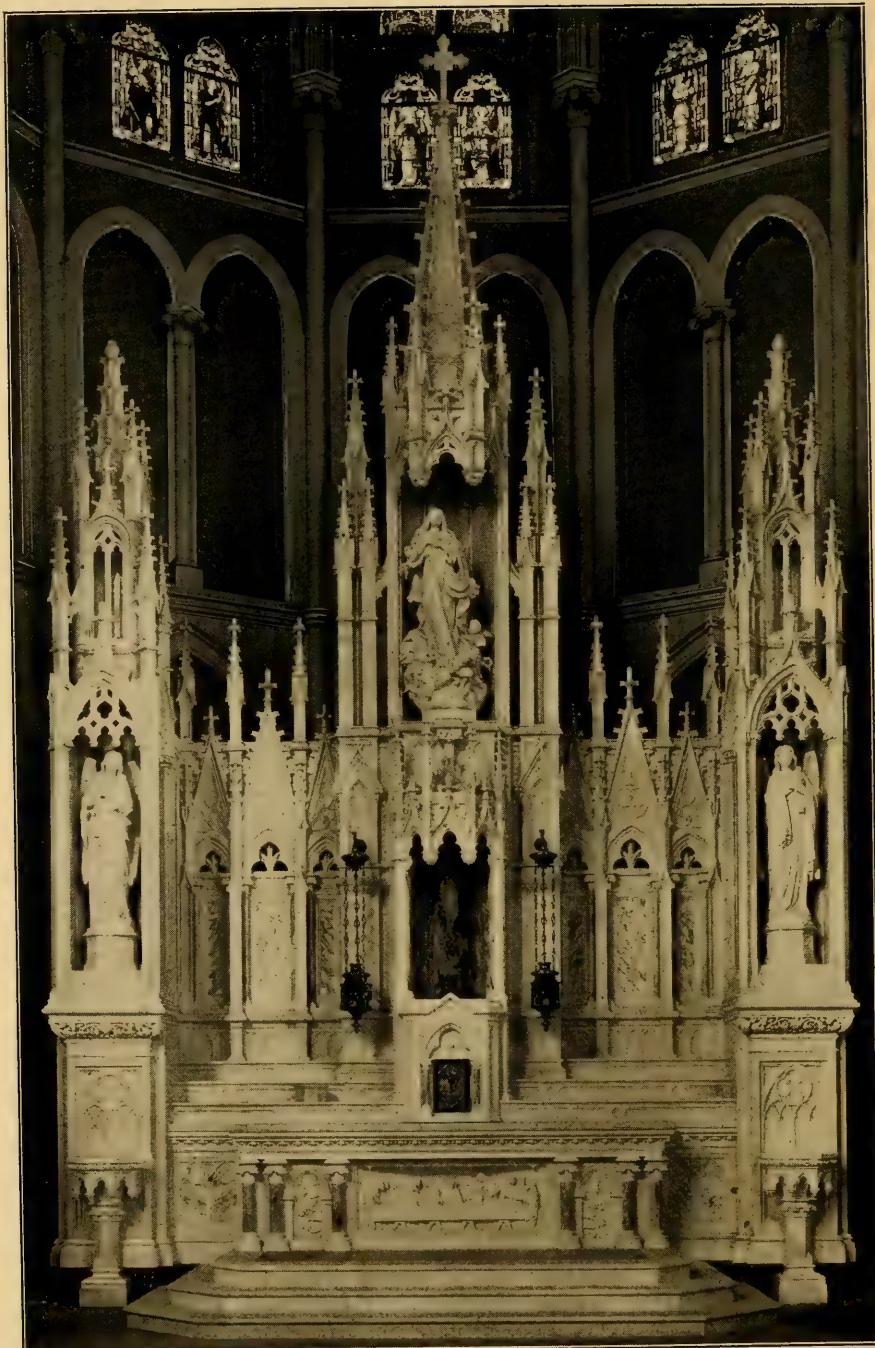
It is, however, with the marble as a finished product that we are most interested; for, superb as it is in the rough, it is when chiseled by the genius of man into the embodiment of the spirit of art that it reaches its highest form. No substance has ever been found more suitable for church art than marble, its marvelous purity of tone lending itself to those symbolic beauties of the Christian religion which are the crystallization of the purity of the Creator.

It was the fashion of former years to look to the antique for the perfection of art, but modern sculptors are not far behind on the way to Parnassus, and modern sculpture, modeled upon the antique in line, has a charm all its own. The Christian creed, with its intellectuality, its chastity, its ideality and refinement, of necessity



A *Lizza*, Conveying the Marble from the Quarry

## The Pinnacled Glory of the West



The Main Altar

impresses itself upon modern sculpture, and many of the matchless masterpieces of the world of art are to be found today in our modern cathedrals.

Altars, shrines, statues—all are replete with a beautiful symbolism; an idealism compared with which the masterpieces of Grecian or Roman days seem as mere earthly lore, untouched by the spiritual.

In our own country we have many examples of Christian art in its highest form; but nowhere on this side of the Atlantic have taste and skill been better blended than in Denver's magnificent new cathedral, where every piece within the sanctuary—altars and shrines, statuary and pulpit, bishop's throne and priest's bench, not to mention the eighty feet of railing—is fashioned from Carrara's purest marble.

#### THE MAIN ALTAR

The main altar, rising in graceful Gothic lines, compels the eye to rise until it rests at last where stops the altar's highest pinnacle, just beneath the stained-glass picture of the Crucifixion, thirty feet above the sanctuary floor. The altar's dazzling white is here and there relieved by Paonazzo columns, while the exposition niche is thrown into high relief by the introduction of antique gold-leaf dome and sides of rarest French Skyros marble.

Quite natural that the central figure on this central piece of marble should symbolize the Immaculate Conception! And when one thinks of the Immaculate Conception, his first thought is of the creation of Maestro Murillo, whose paintings of Our Lady were always works *con amore*; and the marble masterpiece upon which we gaze, poised high above the exposition niche, vies with the world-famed pictures from the Spaniard's heaven-tipped brush in inspiration of motive and beauty of execution. Floating, as it were, amidst the clouds, her trailing robes wind-tossed about her, her long hair floating free, her hands clasped upon her breast, her eyes raised heavenward, she is the incarnation of virginal loveliness, as the dainty cherubs nestling about her feet are the incarnation of childish innocence.



Altar of the Blessed Virgin

High on each side of the tabernacle stand two adoring angels of graceful pose, and garments so exquisite that one waits to see the marble moving in the breeze; and the unthinking asks: "Why this beauty here—so far removed that few will ever be able to admire?" Forgetting that God's angels see, and the lonely Prisoner of the tabernacle admires and appreciates. They are there to do Him honor.

In the grouping of the "Last Supper," paneled between marble pillars beneath the altar, there is something of the same technique displayed as in the painting of the same scene by the great Da Vinci, and much of the painter's genius in the life-like handling of each disciple. Each figure stands alone, its personality of instant recognition, yet all blended into a harmonic whole as the disciples of Him who is the central figure, alone in sublimity and grandeur. The artist has shown a rare skill, a wonderful technique, a genuine religious devotion, which remove his work far above the common, and make of this portrayal of one of earth's saddest, most beautiful scenes a work of genius; he

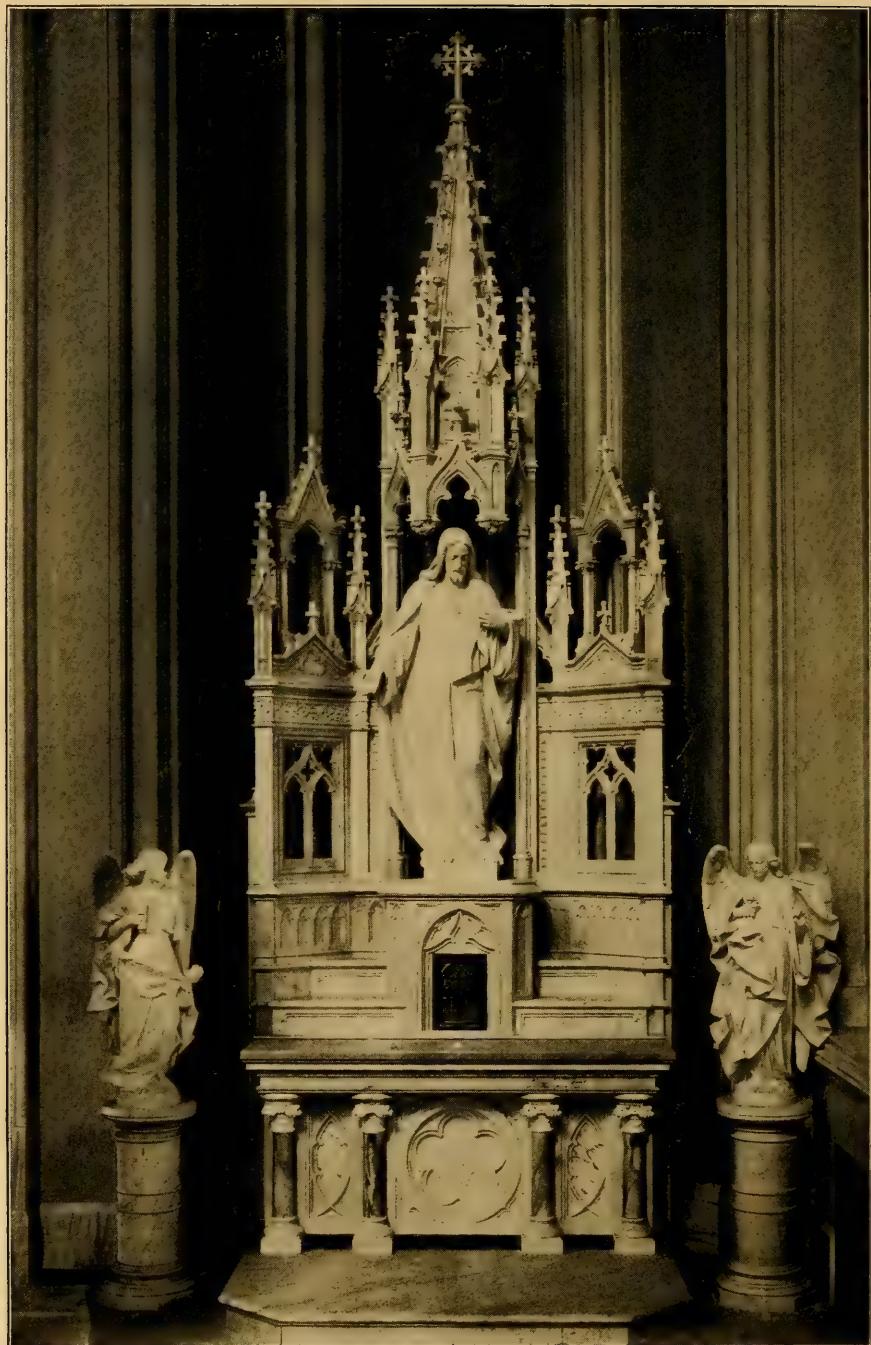
"Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
    Himself from God he could not free;  
    He builded better than he knew;  
    The conscious stone to beauty grew"—

until of this chiseled dream he fashioned a marvel of religious devotion in the snowy marble.

#### THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Passing from our contemplation of the main altar, we gaze upon the altar of the Blessed Virgin.

The delicately carved baldachin, with its high-flung cross that rises in graceful lines to the ornamental arch adorning the shrine niche, crowns the statue of the Mother of Divine Grace. Those who are not of the household of faith will be charmed with the manifestation of the exquisite art that will be unfolded before their wondering eyes; they will be fascinated by the purity of the marble, which rivals the soft whiteness of the immaculate lily; they will be enchanted with the contemplation of the mind that could



Altar of the Sacred Heart

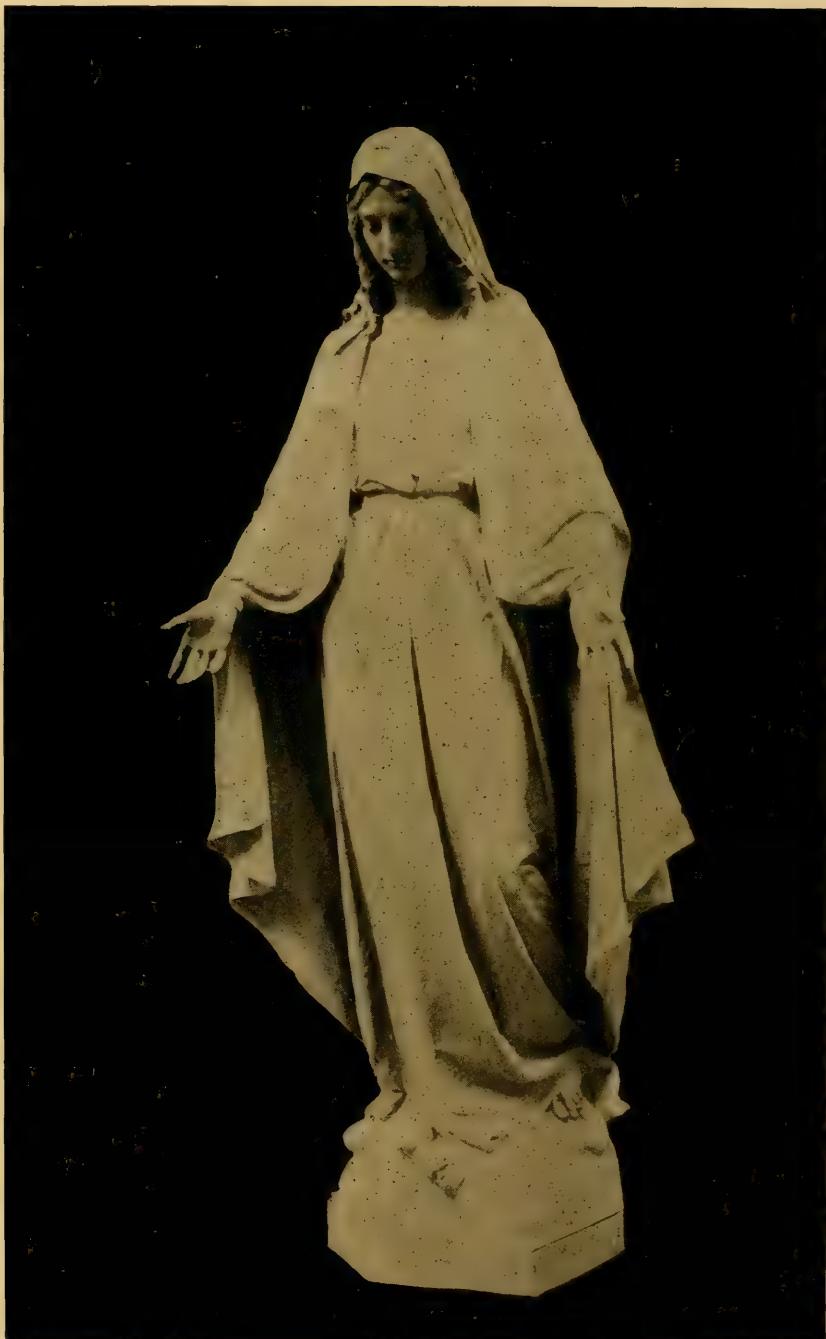
conceive, and the power that could execute, this work, glorious with beauty and grace. But the place that the shrine holds in the hearts of the Catholic worshipers, the expression that it is of their veneration for the gentle Maid of Nazareth, the loving token that it is to the maiden Mother of the Savior, will never dawn with clearest light upon their minds. Oh, the pity that the Mother of Divine Grace awakens no throb of love in the hearts of the millions outside the Church! Oh, the pity that she, who was honored above all the children of men by the Almighty when He selected her to be the mother of His Only Begotten Son, is without honor among so many of those to whom she gave the Savior of the world! Oh, the pity that she, who in purity is as "fair as the moon and as glorious as the sun," is no longer the grand ideal according to which Christian characters must be builded!

But what love shall well up in the hearts of the true adorer of Christ the Divine, when he kneels before that shrine erected to the honor of Mary the Ocean of Grace, the Mother of the Source of Grace! The baldachin that crowns her statue but tells of the crown of love and affection with which he wreathes her queenly



Angel of the Chalice

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Mother of Divine Grace

brow; the pure white marble tells of his belief in the immaculate whiteness of her maiden soul; the high-flung cross tells the wondrous story of Mary's share in man's redemption; the statue is the expression of the lovely picture that he paints of his Heavenly Mother in his hours of sweetest prayer.

Study that statue of the Mother of Divine Grace: What a glorious thing it is! What a masterpiece in conception and execution! What a holy inspiration! A mantle of softest texture falls in graceful folds about the slender, girlish form that arises before us with a calm and tranquil majesty. The splendor of celestial sanctity, the beauty of angelic modesty, the charm of seraphic innocence, the glory of heavenly purity, have been molded upon the face. The glorified radiance of Mary's more-than-human beauty is impressed upon Carrara's whitest marble. Above the queenly brow arise the curling waves of hair and, parting, flow about the shoulders in a riot of tangled beauty. Unutterable tenderness and eloquent emotion are revealed in the down-cast, pleading eyes. The finely chiseled mouth is wreathed into the first beginnings of a sweet invitation to accept the graces reposing in her outstretched hands.



Angel of the Sacred Heart



The Sacred Heart

Grouped about this altar are two of the rarest pieces of ecclesiastical art in the country. Original in design and wonderful in execution are the Angel of the Lily and the Angel of the Rose, making their perpetual offering of love and purity to Heaven's Queen, Our Lady. The sweetness of expression, the grace and delicacy of pose, in these statues have occasioned universal comment, and visitors have been seen to study these pieces for hours at a time.

#### THE SACRED HEART

On the opposite side of the sanctuary stands the altar of the Sacred Heart, set in a niche to the right of the apse and forming with the graceful arch above it one artistic whole.

The artist's treatment of the Sacred Heart statue is not original here; but the tenderness of the expressive eyes and lips; the invitation, that the outstretched hand implies, "to come and learn of me, because I am sweet and humble of heart;" the bearing of the whole, at once humble and majestic, commanding and inviting, make this study, we believe, the most impressive and appropriate of any we have seen of the same subject.

On each side of this altar stands an angel—the one the Angel of the Sacred Heart, the other the Angel of the Chalice. Here the artist excels himself in his treatment of the voluminous robes that drape the figures. It is difficult to conceive that it is not softest linen rather than hardest marble.

In the Angel of Agony—one hand holding the chalice, reluctant to present it; the other clasping the flowing robes, indicative of tensest feelings—the artist has given us the cathedral's masterpiece. Other subjects there are that show more delicate tracery from a mechanical standpoint, more skilful carving; but nowhere does the marble seem to breathe and live as it does in this saddened face turned in agony toward the image of the Sacred Heart. One waits to see a tear upon the marble cheek. The whole group fills the mind with sad, but sweetest thoughts. If the altar of Our Lady on the opposite side of the sanctuary fills the heart with love, sweet hope, and resolution, the altar of the Sacred Heart and its angels incline one to tearful prayer.



St. Joseph and Child

### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Guardian Angel's shrine, the gift of the school children, is placed in what might well be called the children's corner, beneath the stained-glass pictures of the Nativity, the Presentation, and the Finding in the Temple. Here, too, at Christmas time will be placed the Crib of Bethlehem to gladden the hearts of the little ones. What a gracious mother Holy Church is! Not one of her children, from the lowly and immature to the powerful and wise, is neglected. The central figure in this, the children's chapel, is a statue of the Guardian Angel and Child, specially designed for this cathedral. Unlike the usual treatments of this subject, which show the child conscious of the angel's presence, we have here brought out the idea of God's Providence hovering round His unmindful child. "He hath given His angels charge over thee, that they may keep thee in all thy ways."

### ST. JOSEPH

No chapel, be it ever so lowly; no cathedral, be it ever so grand, is complete without an image or statue of St. Joseph; and so the east chapel is adorned with the marble image of this gentle saint.

It were hard to study the artist's conception of St. Joseph and child, as depicted in marble here, and not learn to love the divinely chosen guardian of the Christ Child and His Mother. And it is the human element, perhaps, more than aught else, that appeals to us: the trusting confidence of the Child, brought out by the smiling lips as He nestles close in his protector's arms, and the loving pressure of St. Joseph's cheek upon the curl-strewn brow.

### THE MARBLE THRONE

Immediately to the right of the main altar stands a marble throne—which makes and marks a cathedral church—the gracious gift of the priests of the diocese to His Lordship, Bishop Matz, on the occasion of his silver jubilee, October 28, 1912, the day following the dedication of the cathedral. This throne, the only marble throne in the country, is, by reason of the delicate tracery and grace of lines, more generally admired, perhaps, than any other single piece of art in the edifice.



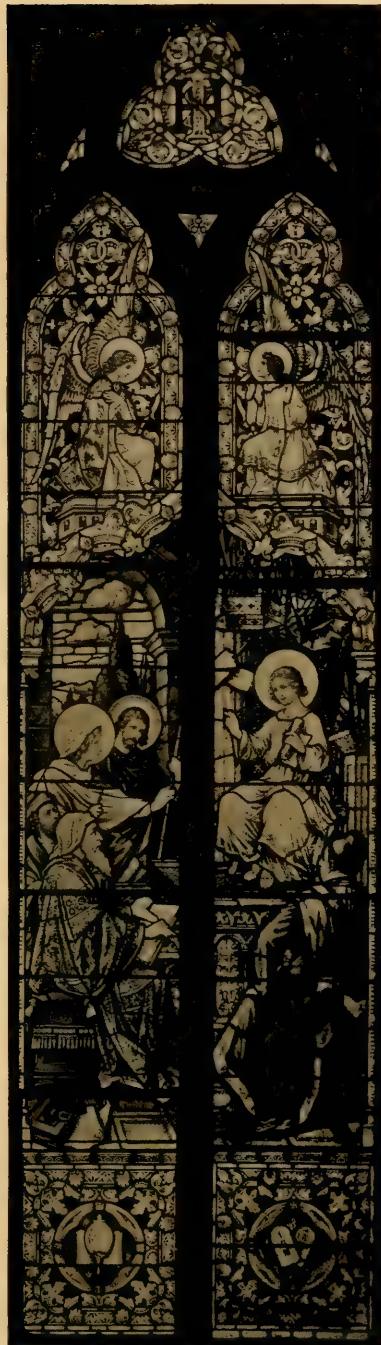
Bishop's Marble Throne

In the very center of the throne, amidst the most exquisite pierced work, is carved the bishop's coat-of-arms, showing the Mount of the Holy Cross and the words, *In Hoc Signo Vinces*. A baldachin, hewn from a solid block of marble and weighing several hundred pounds, is poised above the bishop's bench; the whole surmounted by a Gothic pinnacle, on top of which are placed the episcopal insignia.

This throne, together with the priest's bench and pulpit on the opposite side, completes the furnishing of the sanctuary, every piece of which is carved from Carrara marble. All is inclosed by a magnificent railing, fully eighty feet in length, exquisitely carved from the same beautiful material, making it unique among the sanctuaries of the land.

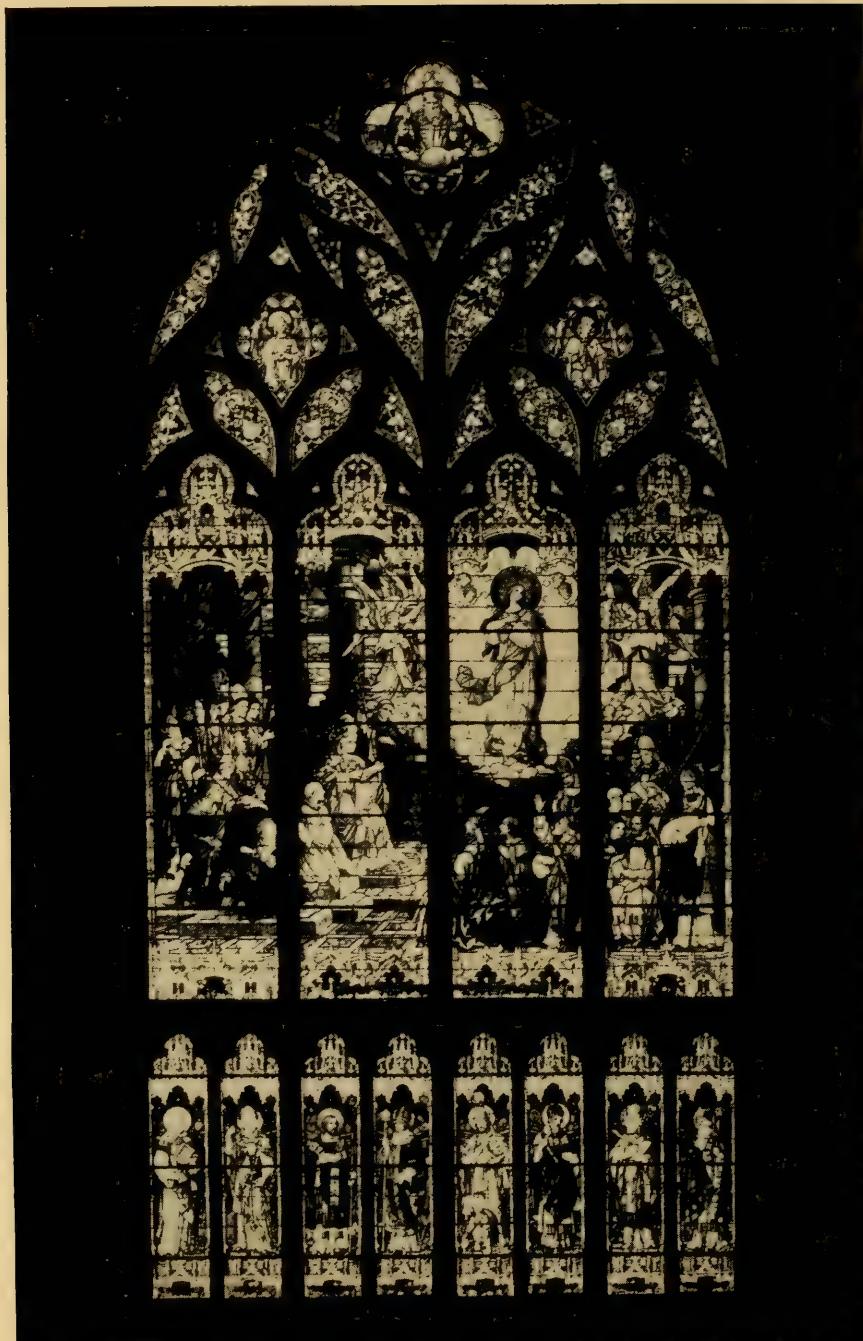
#### BEAUTIES IN GLASS OF OUR NEW CATHEDRAL

As long ago as two thousand years before the Christian era the Chinese manufactured white glass of excellent quality; and excavations of ancient monuments have revealed the fact that even a thousand years prior to that time the Egyptians made beads of colored glass. But windows of colored glass are of comparatively recent origin.



The Finding in the Temple

## The Pinnacled Glory of the West



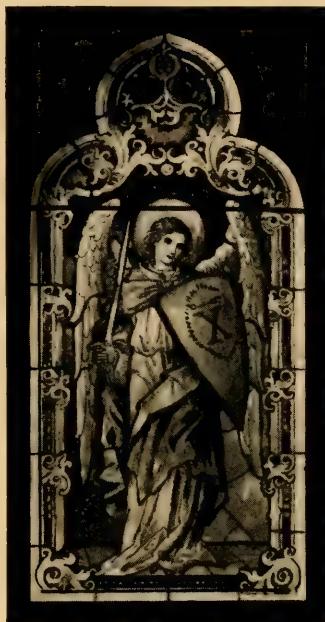
West Transept Window, Immaculate Conception

## STAINED GLASS IN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE

The first record we have of stained-glass windows is in the sixth century, in the Church of St. Sophie, Constantinople. The Byzantines believed that "mosaic was the only painting for eternity," and the early glass was largely in mosaic. It was such mosaic on the walls of St. Sophie that caused Justinian, its builder, to exclaim: "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!" Some of the original glass placed in St. Sophie in the eighth century is still in place in the dome. Soon after these windows were made for St. Sophie, others were made for St. Peter's and St. John Lateran in Rome. And from Rome, the Eternal City, the art spread northward. But the methods were still crude and the results scarcely artistic. With the passing of the Romanesque and Byzantine style of architecture came the opportunity of painted glass.

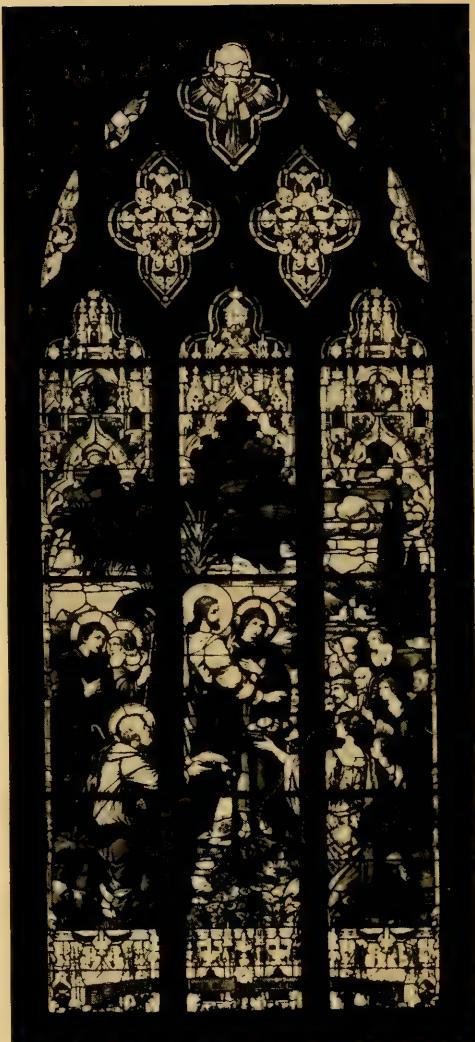
The small window space of the Romanesque cathedrals afforded little inducement for genius to exert itself along this line; but in the thirteenth century the coming of the Gothic, with its high, arched naves and its lofty windows, gave birth to those sunlight scenes from Holy Writ with which those grand old Gothic cathedrals are still adorned —where the glowing hues of sunset, streaming through ruby glass or sapphires, reveal to the worshiper angels and saints and cherubs, or mystical doctrines, as plainly as do the poems in stone which gleam from canopied niches. And so we find painted glass becoming a real art in the thirteenth century, and reaching a perfection in the fourteenth that has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

It was the monastic artists, imbued with the lively faith of the age, who gave expression to their sentiments in painted glass, just as painters and sculptors, under the inspiration of religion, were



Panel in Apse

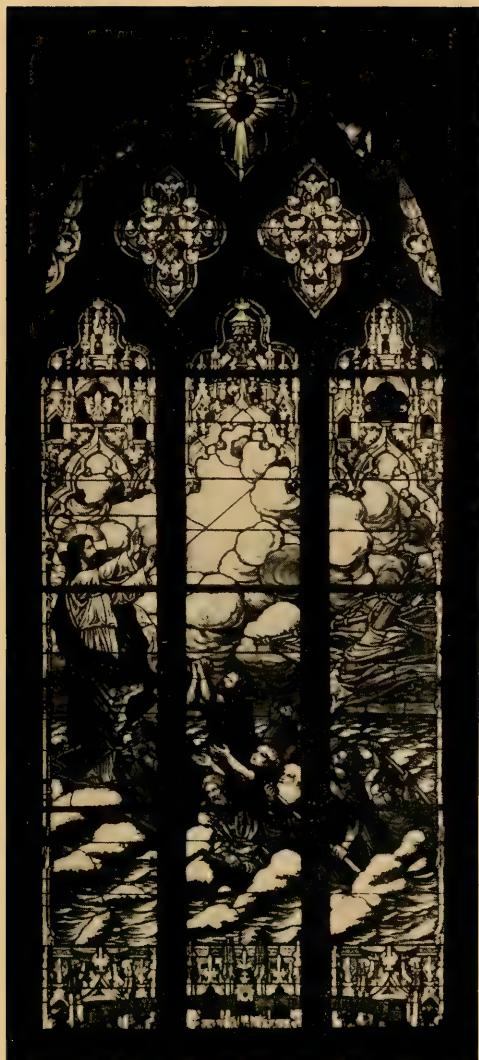
filling the land with masterpieces. In the fifteenth century cathedral-building reached its zenith. Architect, builder, painter, and sculptor—each had contributed his share to those wonderful Gothic and Renaissance masterpieces in stone which stand today as matchless examples of art and Christian devotion. And to the perfect whole the glass-painter added no mean part, as the wonderful colors in St. Ghedule in Brussels, the soft tint of La Sainte Chapelle in Paris, and the amber hues of Bruges' matchless cathedral windows testify. But as the Reformation had a blighting effect on many things that Holy Church had nurtured, so, too, it well-nigh lost this art to the world; for it was buried and forgotten for almost two centuries.



Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes

### WHENCE OUR STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS CAME

It was in the year 1800 that Herr Frank, of Nuremberg, Germany, filled with admiration of the paintings in glass he had seen, began a series of experiments to discover the lost art. And, after eight years of unceasing toil, he succeeded in producing a coat-of-arms in painted glass, which he presented to King Maximilian of



Stilling the Tempest

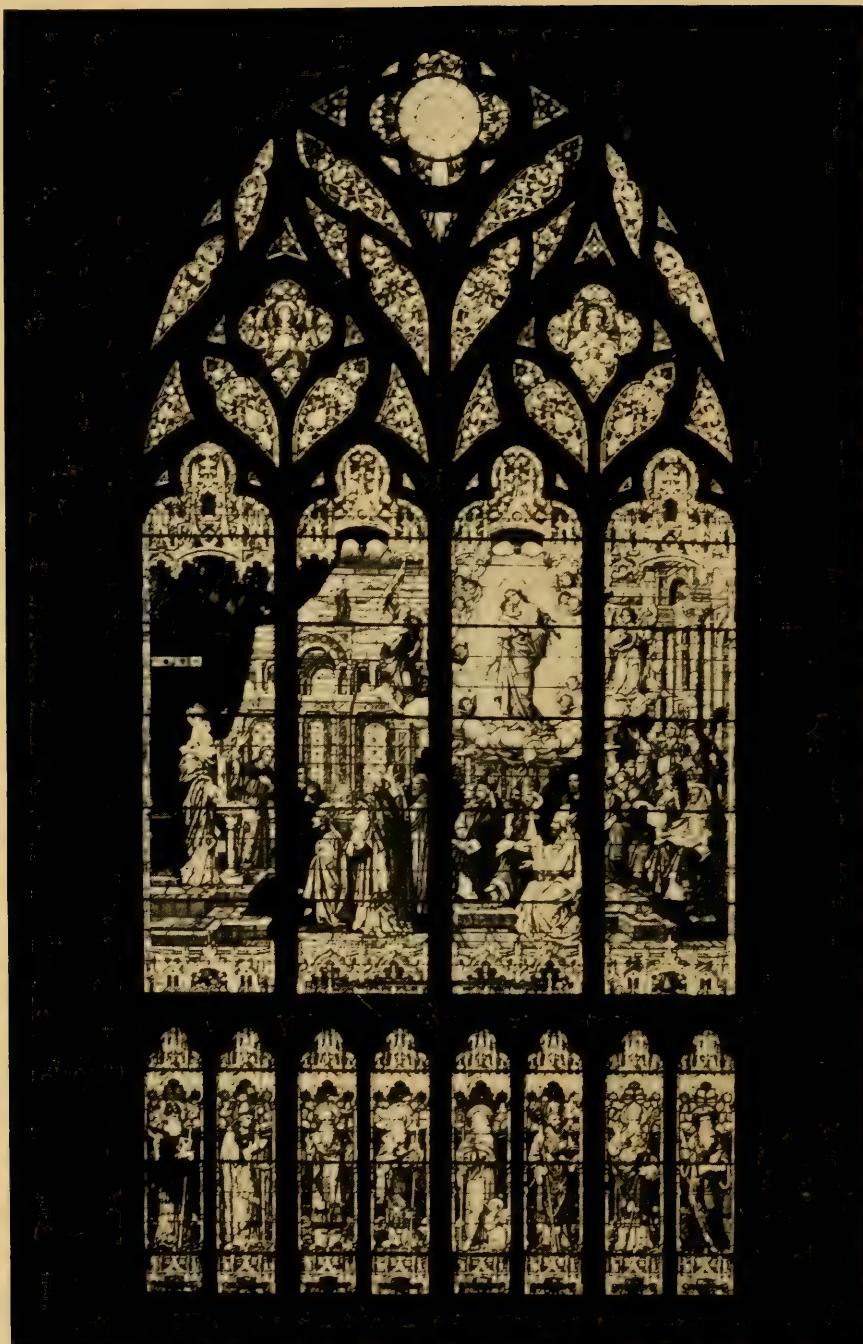
cathedral dedicated to Our Lady with scenes representing the Fifteen Decades of the Rosary. Nor was it without a purpose that the Sorrowful Mysteries are grouped in the apse above the High Altar, where daily is offered the unbloody counterpart of the sacrifice depicted immediately above. What food for thought, what inspiration for meditation, in this sanctuary group: the Crucifixion, high in the very center; the Sacrifice of Melchizedek, to the left;

Bavaria, who at once advanced the money to establish him as a glass-painter in Munich. And thus Bavaria, which was the land of its birth, became also the land of the rebirth of the art of painted windows. It was King Ludwig of Bavaria who established the Royal Bavarian Art Institute, and Ludwig II who conferred that title, in 1873, upon the establishment of Mr. F. X. Zettler.

It is from that establishment, still presided over by its founder, Mr. Zettler, that the stained windows in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception came.

#### THEIR STORY

It was quite natural that the scenes depicted here should tell the old, old story of Christianity; and it was a pretty thought that adorned the windows of a



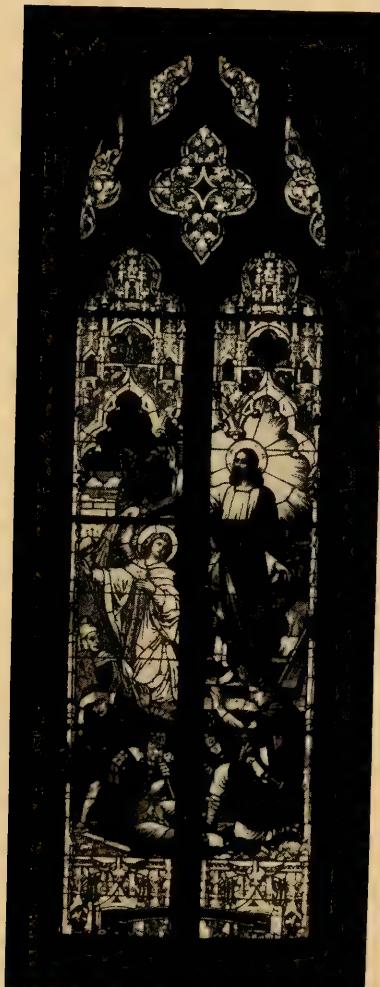
East Transept Window, Council of Ephesus

the Last Supper, to the right; and, beneath, the Altar of the Unbloody Sacrifice, with its graceful marble pinnacles, directing the eye to the painted mysteries above! In the left transept and chapel are grouped the Joyful Mysteries, while to the right are the Glorious Mysteries.

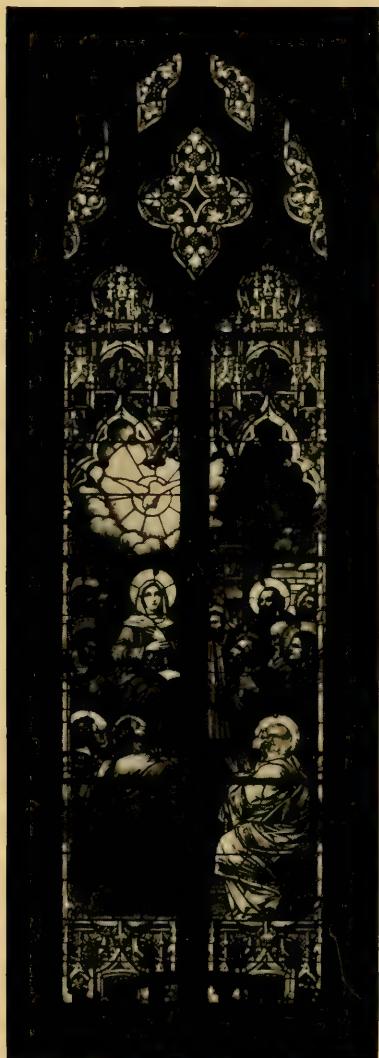
What though the subjects are familiar to all—they are dear to the heart of the Catholic, and he never tires of their contemplation. Their profound mysteries, their elevating nature, their close connection with the history of the life and sufferings of Christ and His

Holy Mother, make them an almost essential part of his devotion and cause them to arouse the deepest sentiments of religion within him.

I am looking forward many years, and I see a gray-haired woman kneeling and praying in the cathedral. Here, as a child, she was baptized. Here her young mind, feasting upon the wonderfully colored glass, learned the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Sorrow, the Triumphant God. Here, in later years, she made her first Holy Communion, and prayed as her eyes rested upon the beautiful "Last Supper" in the window above her. Here she was confirmed, and she learned the full significance of the sacrament, partially at least, by the story in the window to her right—that Upper Room in Jerusalem where descended the Holy Ghost. Here she came from time to time to cleanse her soul from sin. And her heart was steeped in grief and true repentance



The Resurrection



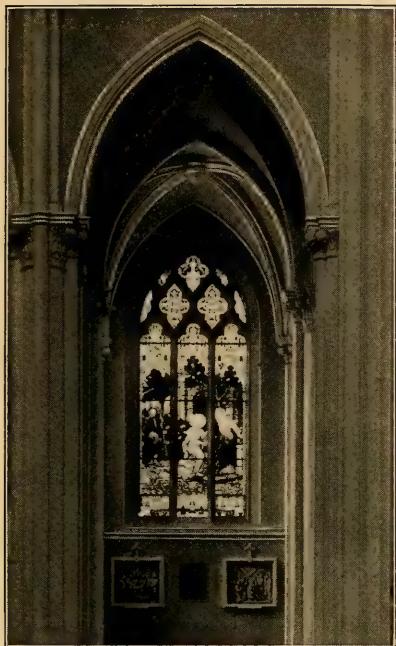
Descent of the Holy Ghost

quent. The years go by; other lands have claimed her boy, her girl; she is alone. She has sought the very pew where they were wont to kneel. Her well-worn beads are in her hands. She is saying the Rosary. And, while she meditates, her eyes follow the Mysteries as depicted in the windows. She has reached the Glorious Mysteries, on the right—the Resurrection, the Ascension, the

when, with tear-dimmed eyes, she studied those windows in the apse: The Agony, The Scourging, The Crowning with Thorns, The Carrying the Cross, that wonderful reproduction of Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," The Return from Calvary, and the other scenes that make up the story of Golgotha.

Here, too, she became a bride and learned the holiness of the marriage state from the pictured "Feast of Cana." Hither, as years went on, she led her own children—her boy and her girl; leading them from window to window, telling them of Mary's spotless life, of the Presentation, and of the Annunciation; teaching them how loving and lovable is God, in His Nativity; telling them of His compassion, in the Miracle of the Loaves; of His power, in the Stilling of the Sea; of His kindness, as He blessed the children; of His mercy, as He raised the dead to life.

Oh, how easy her task! The imaginative mind of the child takes the lessons home, and the painted lips of the pictured Christ are elo-



Arcade Showing Visitation

siastical dignitaries of his day, with the "Bulla Ineffabilis" in his hand, declaring the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

And high in the center appears, as it were in vision, a wonderful sunlight reproduction of Mary the Immaculate. And, beneath it all, in eight separate panels are represented eight doctors of the Church whose writings indicated their belief in this dogma, centuries before it was promulgated.

On the opposite side a somewhat similar scene is depicted: Cyril of Alexandria declaring Mary to be "Mater Dei." And a vision of Mary the Madonna appears on high, with the doctors

Assumption and Coronation. Oh, what heaven-born, consoling thoughts for one whose feet begin to grow weary on the path that leads her to the grave! Every line in the pictures before her spells heaven, and heaven spells rest.

She rises from her knees and feasts once more her fading sight upon those two wonderful windows in the transept, with their more than twenty thousand pieces of colored glass in each—Mary the Madonna and Mary the Immaculate.

In the left transept she beholds Pius IX, surrounded by the eccl-



Panel in Apse

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



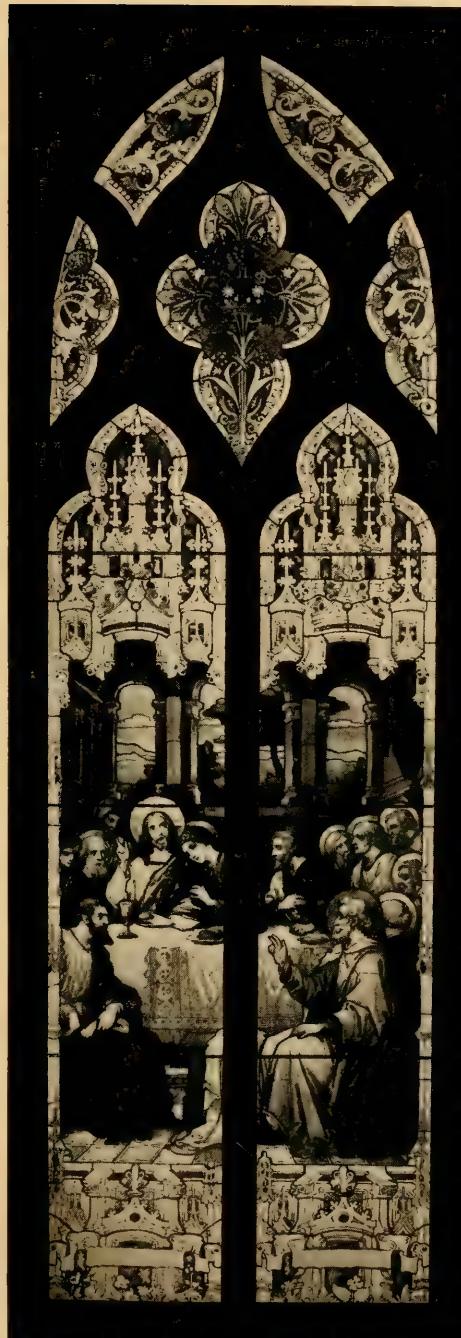
F. X. Zettler, of Munich, and Artists at Work on Windows

of the Church who wrote upon that dogma represented in the panels beneath.

She needed not the testimony of the doctors to convince her of the truth of the doctrines of Holy Church; for the divine light of faith that came to her with Holy Baptism in this same edifice years ago has never been dimmed. And, with a last greeting to her Queen, her Mother, she rises, only to prostrate herself before her Lord and Master in the Tabernacle.

As she leaves the church, she is dazzled for the thousandth time by the radiance of gold and red that streams through the most magnificent rose window in the West, depicting St. Cecilia and Angels, logically placed above the massive organ. Surely, she thanks her God who inspired His Holy Church thus to make use of the beautiful in art to teach her heaven-born lessons.

There is not a church in the country, perhaps, that has more window space than this cathedral; and



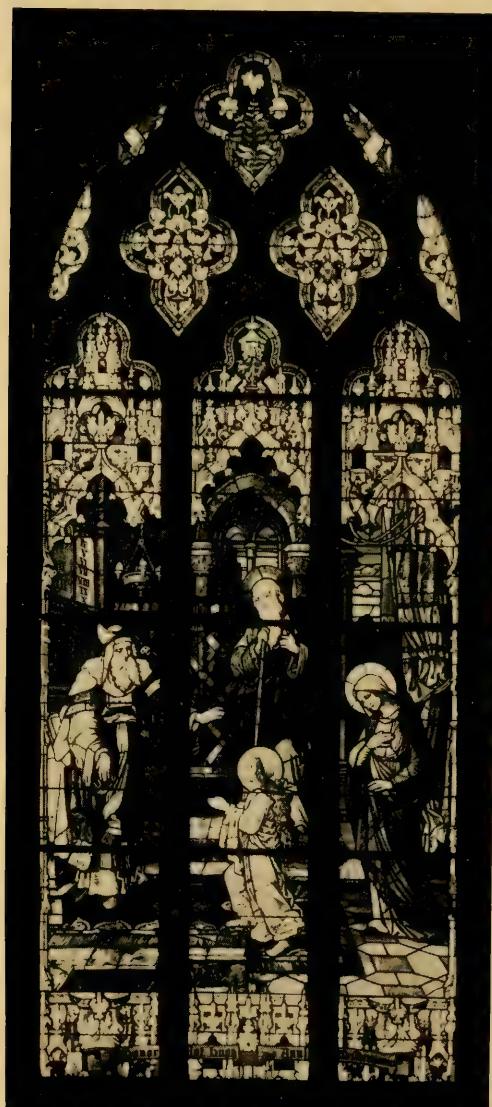
The Last Supper

every inch of this space is filled with costliest stained glass; making it from this standpoint alone one of the most richly decorated edifices in the land—a fact that induced those in charge of its completion to eliminate all colors and frescoes from the walls.

It is conceded, we believe, that the Royal Bavarian Institute of Painted Glass, presided over by Mr. F. X. Zettler, who furnished

these windows, excels all others in the execution of drawings; and infinite pains must have been given to produce the grace of poise, the harmonious grouping, and the appropriate expression in the thousand figures around us here. The study of the varying expression in the face of Christ, as an example, as one passes from window to window, makes one marvel at the resources of the artist's imagination and skill.

But if the windows excel in the execution of drawing, what shall one say of their colors? No one color covers any large space. No color seems to predominate. All blend and lose themselves in a way to produce an effect not short of wonderful. No wonder, therefore, that they have commanded the attention of the most competent art critics in the West!



Presentation of Mary in the Temple

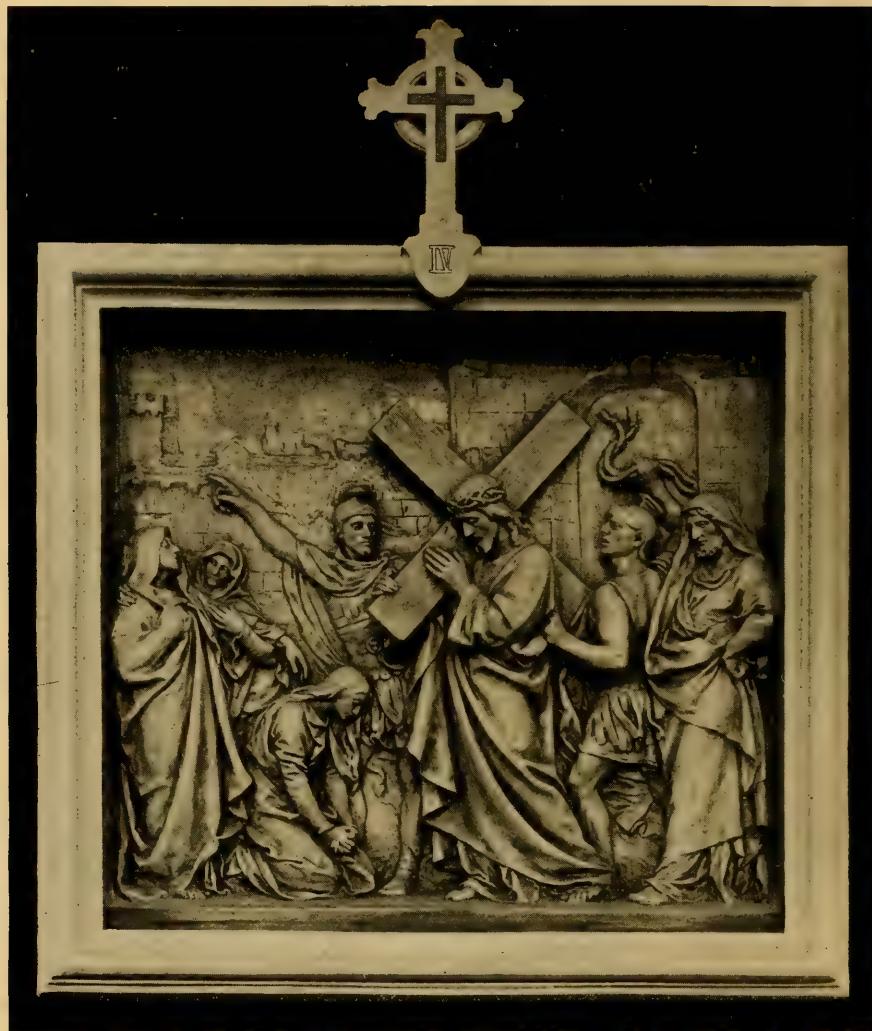


Third Station—The First Fall

#### ART IN RELIEF

To close this chapter on religion and art, as applied to Denver's cathedral, without referring to its Fourteen Stations of the Cross, done in finest alto-rilievo and built into the walls, would be to neglect one of the most artistic features in the edifice.

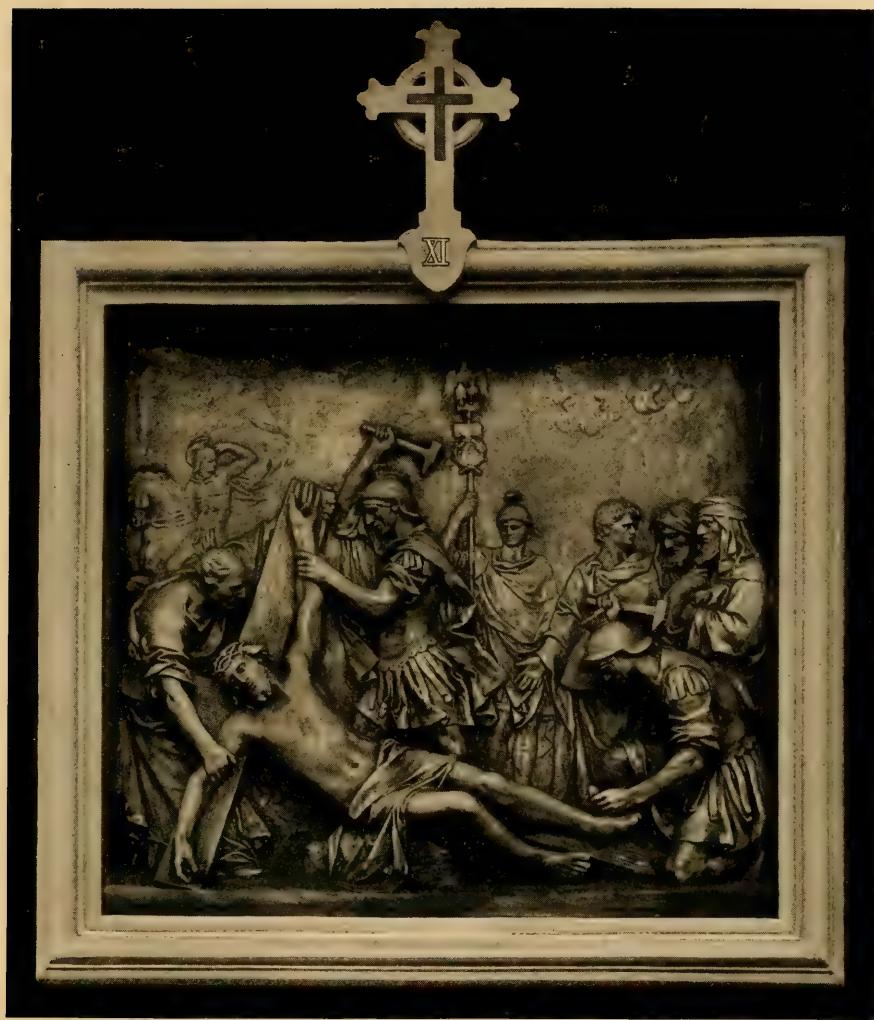
Apart from the individual excellence of the Stations, what first impresses one is the artistic blending of the old ivory in the Stations



Fourth Station—Christ Meets His Mother

proper—their light-gray frame and deeper-gray walls. Colors, perhaps, were never more harmoniously blended. The eye sweeping the walls is not arrested or held by any one color or object, but finds itself resting on one or other of the Stations, as the figures apparently rise in higher relief under its gaze.

To speak of the merits of the Stations individually were too long a story here. And personal devotion and pious preference for a



Eleventh Station—Christ Is Nailed to the Cross

particular part of Our Lord's Passion make the Catholic critic's task a difficult one. But if we forget that it is because it was Our Savior's first fall beneath the heavy load of the Cross that makes us linger near the Third Station; if we consider that perhaps it is the double grief of Mother and Son that holds us near the Fourth; were it possible to close our eyes to the cruelty of the Eleventh, the awful tragedy of the Twelfth, and bring the artistic temperament



Ninth Station—The Third Fall

alone to bear upon the subject, then the Ninth Station most holds our attention. All the cruelty that caused it, all the anguish that it caused, are depicted in the attitude of the executioners, as well as in the face and prostrate figure of the Suffering Christ, in the presentation of this Third Fall Beneath the Cross.

When meditation finds assistance in art like this, sorrow, repentance, and resolution become an easy task.

**INTERIOR DECORATION  
ORGAN, LIGHTING, HEATING**

Unconscious nature felt the touch of genius'  
magic rod,  
When lo! she wakes, and yields her gifts to  
glorify her God.

## INTERIOR DECORATION ORGAN, LIGHTING AND HEATING

### COLORADO'S CONTRIBUTION TO OUR MARBLE WORK



MUCH HAS BEEN SAID, and deservedly so, of the high artistic merit and the excellent quality of the cathedral's wealth in Carrara marble; but that far-famed Carrara has a rival, and a dangerous one, in the marble industry of the world is evidenced by a single glance at Colorado's own contribution to the marble work of this cathedral. The vestibules, the pillar bases, the steps, the risers, the balustrades, and the base-boards are all made of native Colorado marble; and, lest one judge that the native product could be used only for construction work, let him gaze at the confessionalals that line the nave, three on each side. If the massive panels of the vestibule are beautiful by reason of their richness in gold, and their green veins; if the pillar bases attract by reason of their very solidity, the confessionalals are more attractive, more beautiful, in their snowy whiteness and artistic carvings. We believe that here are the handsomest confessionalals in the land; and the Colorado-Yule Marble Company has every reason to be proud of them.

The quarries from which this material was taken are situated at Marble, Colorado, reached from Glenwood Springs by a two-hour ride through Redstone Cañon, declared by many the prettiest spot in Colorado. The marble deposits here, as confirmed by expert examination, disclose a wealth seemingly inexhaustible. The use of modern methods, and the facilities afforded by the wonderful water power of Crystal Creek, make the Yule quarries and marble works easily the finest in the world.



One of the Confessionals

#### DECORATION

Traditions in church-decorating, from the painter's standpoint, were ruthlessly set aside in this cathedral, only two shades being used in the entire structure—rich cream and delicate gray.

To establish an attractive balance between the blank and ornamental spaces was the effort of the decorators. The work, being of one regular quality, and bearing out, as it does, the even solidity

and equality of surface, presupposes a certain decorative proficiency and knowledge of architectural forms.

The rich cream of the columns, with the ceiling's curved lines and the long sweep of the gray side walls—all speaking in a harmony of color, with light and airy tones—is wonderfully impressive and a source of ineffable delight to the beholder.

Physical characteristics, together with the chemical composition, enter into the essentials of attractive paint decoration. Restfulness and quiet are also requisites in church decoration; and, on entering this cathedral, the eye at once recognizes their value. The observer finds himself studying architectural features, wholly unconscious of the presence of color, and next realizes that the one accentuates the other.

Heightening touches of shade are reserved, owing to the brilliant coloring of the windows, with their rich, transparent tones.

A careful study of the essentials of cathedral decoration was necessary in order to produce such exquisite harmony.

This feature of the cathedral's exalted splendor was under the supervision of Thomas H. Miller, decorator and painter, 622 Fifteenth Street, Denver.

#### THE CATHEDRAL FLOOR

The life and body of the cathedral flooring are the pearl shells found in the Elbe River in Germany.

These shells are first thoroughly dried, then hardened by exposure to extreme heat, and thereupon crushed with machinery specially constructed so as not to destroy their artistic qualities. This powder is then combined with products known only to the Atlas Floor Company, and placed in a condition similar to that of cement. In forty-eight hours it hardens, but the chemicals are active for days. The result is a non-porous, plastic, fire- and water-proof floor of exceptional beauty.

In this particular instance the dark green of the floor harmonizes artistically with the drapery of the confessionals and the tints of the windows.

The floor was laid under the personal supervision of Mr. P. V. Roberts, of Denver, the western agent for the Atlas Floor Company.

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



The Cathedral Pipe Organ and Rose Window

### OUR ORGAN

In retrospective contemplation of the various contracts and accomplishments connected with the completion of our magnificent cathedral, nothing gives us more pleasure or satisfaction than the fact that we were able to secure our organ from the well-known studio and factory of the W. W. Kimball Company, of Chicago.

The organ, which fills the large choir gallery, is a work of art, replete in all the modern improvements and accessories; in fact, is in advance of any previous effort in this line of work. It has thirty-one speaking registers, embracing every known tone-color of organ voicing, from the ponderous double open diapason on the great manual to the zephyr-like string tones of the muted violin, and contains a battery of diapasons second to none in the United States. It also contains the speaking register for which the W. W. Kimball Company is world-famed; namely, the *vox humana*, which so closely resembles the tones of the human voice. The pedal organ contains all the various dynamic tone-forces so much admired in the cathedral organs of Europe. In fact, the *ensemble* of the organ develops this cathedral quality to perfection.

The securing of this quality has given us a dignified organ, quite in line with the plan upon which our entire cathedral has been designed.

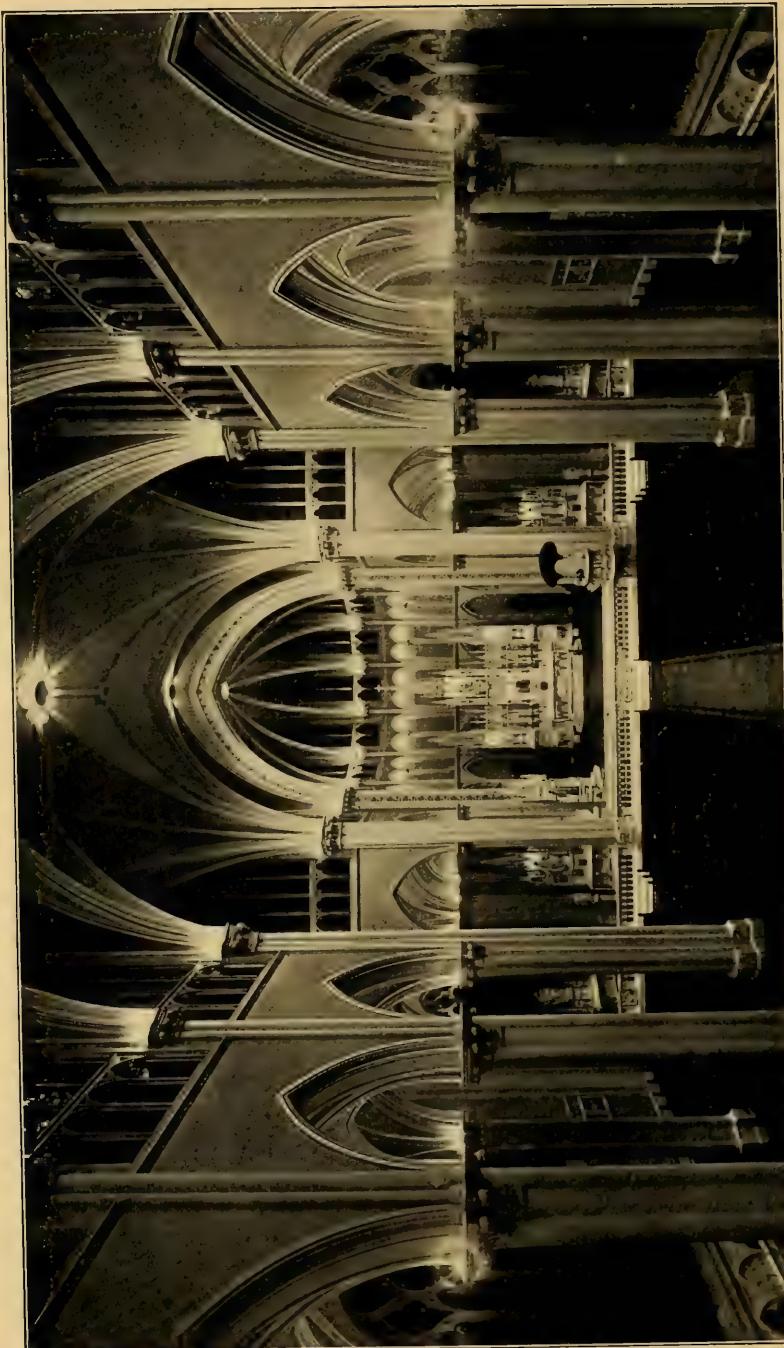
### THE LIGHTING SYSTEM

The illumination of the new cathedral is an excellent example of modern lighting by the use of electricity through the medium of the tungsten lamp. The tungsten lamp has practically introduced a new field for the application of scientific principles—that of proper lighting.

This building is one of the most perfectly lighted churches in the United States, not only from the standpoint of brilliant light for reading purposes, but fulfilling all the requirements of a modern illumination.

Proper illumination today does not mean simply a light to read by, such as was the custom before the introduction of electricity, but a careful development of special features for each and every building, and a study of the effects to be produced for each

## The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Interior View of Cathedral at Night, from Choir Loft

particular case. In this respect the lighting of the new cathedral shows how thoroughly engineers investigate the requirements of a building when designing the illumination system.

The first requirement in lighting a building of this nature is to furnish a proper amount of light in the auditorium of the building to make reading as easy by electric light as by daylight. This requires the light to be thrown upon the reading plane with sufficient intensity, and from a sufficient number of sources, to remove all shadows.

The next requirement is that of having the source of light out of the normal line of vision of the body of people. It is a well-proven fact in physics that a bright light within the line of vision will produce a drowsy effect upon a person looking at it; also, that any bright source of light will involuntarily attract the attention of an audience from the speaker, and produce an uncomfortable and injurious effect upon the eyesight.

The third requirement is that the effect of the illumination shall be in harmony with, and bring out, the features of the architecture. This is one of the most essential requirements of a thorough system of illumination, and one often neglected. The accompanying illustration shows how well the illuminating engineer has succeeded in this respect in the cathedral. It must be remembered that a building of this nature is used as much, or more, by artificial light as by daylight, and the beautiful features of the architecture, which make this interior so inspiring, must be so illuminated as to produce as nearly as possible the same effect as when lighted by daylight.

The fourth requirement is that of proper control of the lights, so that effects can be obtained, and an economical number of lights turned on and off, as demanded by the nature of the service, without great labor or a complicated mechanism, requiring an experienced operator.

It is apparent that satisfactory artificial lighting today is one of the most necessary features in the construction of a building, and that more comfort and benefit is derived from the small expense required for such purpose than from money spent for any other. The light for reading purposes in the new cathedral is thrown



The Entombment of Christ

down from a height of approximately sixty feet, by the use of tungsten lamps and powerful mirrored glass reflectors set in the ceiling. These reflectors and lamps are so arranged that they can be removed from the attic above. The amount of light which these lamps throw upon the reading plane is approximately equal to the light thrown upon a paper at a distance of four feet from four sixteen-candlepower lamps. These reflectors are so arranged in groups in the ceiling, and so set, that light is thrown from various sources, removing practically all shadows.

The height of these lamps is so great that the eyebrow entirely shades the eye from the source of light. This produces the effect of daylight in the open air.

The reflectors light the side walls and columns as well as the reading plane. To illuminate and bring out the architectural details of the ceiling, lights have been hidden in the tops of the capitals to throw a light upward, making the beams of plaster and ornamental work stand out in contrast, and producing a soft glow on the ceiling.



In the Home of John

For portions of the service where a strong light is not required, all the lights may be turned out, except these indirect lights in the capitals. This produces a pleasing effect—like that of twilight or dawn—which soothes the nerves and makes the best of conditions for thought and meditation. In addition to this feature, the Stations and statuary are illuminated by hidden lights.

All of the lights in the building are controlled from a switchboard in the sacristy. This switchboard is made of white Colorado-Yule marble, on which is mounted a switch for each group of lights in the building; there being about one hundred switches, all told, on the board. Groups of these switches are controlled by master-switches, so that, when the proper lighting effect has once been obtained, it is not necessary to throw in and out all of the small switches, but only three or four of the larger switches, as desired.

One of the most unique features in the system is that the auditorium is lighted with approximately 30,000 candlepower, and yet no light is within the normal line of vision of the eye; and although

a brilliant light is produced, the effect is pleasing rather than injurious to the eyesight, and experts have declared it to be the best-lighted building of its kind in the world.

#### THE HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEM

All of the heating and ventilating work on the cathedral was done by the Phil McCarthy Heating and Engineering Company, of Denver, the plans being drawn by John A. McIntyre, who also superintended the construction of the building.

The machinery proper, most of which was purchased from the Hendrie & Bolthoff Manufacturing Company, of Denver, consists of two 150-horsepower, high-pressure Kewanee horizontal tubular boilers, either of which is capable of operating the plant, should anything happen to the other. In fact, this idea is carried out in the entire plant, each unit being duplicated in every respect.

The air is taken into the building through louvres in the wall. It is first drawn through silk netting, which removes most of the dust that it might contain. It is then passed over heating-coils, where it is heated to sixty degrees; and next through air-washers, where every particle of dust is taken out, and the required amount of moisture imparted to it. Thereupon it is passed across a second bank of heating-coils, where the temperature is raised to any degree desired, being automatically controlled by temperature-controllers that regulate to within one-half a degree. These controllers are manufactured by the National Regulator Company, the local representative of which is Mr. Howard Fielding. Thence the air passes into the main auditorium, where it is distributed through solid brass registers. These registers were furnished by the Bogue-Wensley Lead Company, of Denver.

The two large fans that handle this air are of the multivane type, each being capable of handling 35,000 cubic feet of air per minute. They are driven by two fifteen-horsepower, variable-speed motors. The air-washers are capable of washing 36,000 cubic feet of air per minute, and the entire volume of air in the cathedral is changed every eleven minutes, making it one of the best-ventilated buildings in the whole country.

# THE CATHEDRAL CHIMES

Let bells then call the faithful together; for the voice of man is not sufficiently pure to summon penitence, innocence, and misfortune to the foot of the altar.

—*Chateaubriand.*

## THE CATHEDRAL CHIMES

*Over the city's ways of sin,  
Ring out, sweet bells! Gather them in!  
Tell them of Christ undefiled,  
Who leadeth men with teachings mild!*

—MRS. SOPHIE FOX SEA.

Y NO MEANS the least interesting feature about the cathedral is the chime of fifteen bells that occupies the west tower—the generous gift of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Campion and family. It was a happy thought that caused these bells to be heard for the first time on the eve of Dedication Day. It was their silver tones that proclaimed the glad news of the cathedral's completion, and thousands lingered near to listen to their music.

Favorable comment has been universal, and from among the letters received by the donors we print the following:

DENVER, COLORADO, October 28, 1912.

*Mr. John F. Campion, 800 Logan Street, City.*

DEAR MR. CAMPION: As a citizen of Denver, I write to express my high appreciation of the peal of bells which Mrs. Campion and yourself have contributed to the Catholic cathedral, the harmony and tone of which seem to me to be all that could be desired.

Within six miles of my boyhood home in England there are five parish churches, all built in pre-Reformation times, each possessing a peal of equally ancient bells.

As I listened to the music of your gift, my mind reverted to the lines of Thomas Moore:

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells!  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Wishing Mrs. Campion and yourself many years to enjoy the sweet music of your gift,

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS TONGE.



The Chimes

#### DESCRIPTION

The bells comprise the regular octaves in the keys of *D<sub>b</sub>*, *E<sub>b</sub>*, and *G<sub>b</sub>*, and seven tones in the key of *F*, making a very complete range, on which can be played a great variety of selections.

The weights and tones follow: 3,500 pounds, *D<sub>b</sub>*; 2,650 pounds, *E<sub>b</sub>*; 1,650 pounds, *F*; 1,500 pounds, *G<sub>b</sub>*; 1,300 pounds, *G*; 1,050 pounds, *A<sub>b</sub>*; 950 pounds, *A*;

750 pounds, *B<sub>b</sub>*; 725 pounds, *B*; 700 pounds, *C*; 650 pounds, *D<sub>b</sub>*; 625 pounds, *D*; 600 pounds, *E<sub>b</sub>*; 550 pounds, *F*; and 525 pounds, *G<sub>b</sub>*.

The bells are cast of the very best genuine bell metal—a composition of purest copper and tin of proper proportions. They are attuned according to the modern system of equal temperament, so that each note will fit properly into the different keys.

They are arranged in the tower in a strong frame, as shown in the accompanying cut, and the four larger bells are equipped with complete mountings, so that they may be used independently of the remaining bells and rung as a peal.

The chime is sounded from a console, placed in a room in the tower below the belfry. The levers of the playing stand are connected to the clappers of the bells by a series of chains, rods, etc. The principle of operation is similar to that of playing a piano, the note being indicated on the lever, and by a quick down-stroke of the lever the bell of the required note is sounded. With this system it is possible to get any modulation of tone desired.

This is one of the largest and most complete chimes in this country. The bells are from the McShane Bell Foundry Company, Baltimore, Maryland, which has built many chimes of exceptional quality.

## INSCRIPTIONS

On the bells are the following inscriptions:

### *Bell No. 1—*

#### PRESENTATION

In the year of Our Lord 1912, during the Pontificate of Pius the X seated upon the chair of Peter, Nicholas Chrysostom Matz, Bishop of Denver, John Francis Campion and family of this City of Denver

Presented the Immaculate Conception Cathedral with this magnificent chime of fifteen bells. May God bless the generous donors. May these fifteen silver-tongued voices proclaim for generations to come the praises of God with the names of the donors. Hence my name is Presentation.

### *Bell No. 2—*

#### INAUGURATION

On Wednesday, October 16th, 1912, this beautiful chime was solemnly blessed in the presence of the clergy of the City of Denver and an immense concourse of people.

On that day our voices were consecrated to God. Hence my name is Transfiguration.

Of God and the things of God alone we can speak and call the people to the Temple of God.

### *Bell No. 3—*

#### VERBUM DEI

I am the word of God, Eternal and Uncreated, Begotten of the Father from all eternity.

Of me the beloved disciple sang when he said:

“And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

And we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only Begotten of the Father, full of Grace and Truth.”

—John 1:14

### *Bell No. 4—*

#### IMMACULATA CONCEPTIO

I am the Immaculate Conception.

Of Him I would sing Who in my womb, out of my purest substance, took flesh and blood and was made Man and died upon a cross for man's redemption.

### *Bell No. 5—*

#### NICOLAUS CHRYSOSTOMUS

Nicholas Chrysostom is my name. Nicholas of Golden Doweries my voice shall proclaim with the eloquence of Chrysostom, the Golden-mouthed.

Combined, we shall sing amid harmonious peals the epithalamium of a God's infinite love for man.

### *Bell No. 6—*

#### JOANNIS FRANCISCUS

John Francis is my name. John the beloved, and Francis, the Seraph. From one common fount we drank. We are two, and together we shall sing a charming duet whose burden shall be: Love Divine answered by Seraphic love.

### *Bell No. 7—*

#### HELENA MARIA

Helen Mary is my name. My Savior's cross I found, beneath which Mary stood when Jesus died. And we are two, who, in unison, shall sing “Stabat Mater Dolorosa” whilst festooning that cross with a wreath of passion flowers.

### *Bell No. 8—*

#### MARIA (PHYLLIS)

Mary Phyllis is my name. With Mary of Magdala and other Holy Marys, The risen glory of my Savior I will sing.

### *Bell No. 9—*

#### SANCTUS GEORGIUS (ROLAND)

George Roland is my name. A warrior I would be and with St. George, my patron saint, the dragon I would pierce, whilst my voice the alarm shall ring and summon the hosts of the Lord to battle.

*Bell No. 10—*

SANCTUS HUGO

I am the Rector.

My name you know and the burden  
of my song:  
"To Cæsar you shall give what  
to Cæsar belongs  
and to God what belongs to God."

—Matt. 22:21

*Bell No. 11—*

DAVID REX

David is my name.

Small in stature, but great in fame,  
I slew Goliath. The Psalms are my creation,  
and the victory God in me  
hath wrought shall endure forever.

*Bell No. 12—*

SANCTUS MICHAEL

Michael is my name.

"*Quis ut Deus*" my war cry. It resounded in  
the halls of Heaven and was inscribed  
upon my banner:  
"Who is like God?"  
Under this flag I led Heaven's mighty hosts  
against the rebel angel and plunged  
him into hell.

Someone has spoken of Gothic cathedrals as "forests in stone;" and, with that idea in mind, it is no difficult task to liken the sound of these massive bells to thunder rolling amidst and above the granite trees and branches; for the effect produced upon the mind by the peal of the four largest bells is that of awe and wonder, while the silvery tone of the smallest bell might easily be the note of some woodland songster.

In this highly commercial age of ours there are those who may ask: "Why a chime of bells?" Just as they have asked: "Why those spires?" We like to believe these sweet-toned bells will awaken many a memory; and as years go by, and memories thicken, their music will often lay memory's treasures before us, and penitent souls will be drawn back to Mother Church and God by their inviting tones.

*Bell No. 13—*

JOANNE DE ARC

Joan of Arc is my name.

I led the armies of France against the English  
invaders. Today I am called to lead the children  
of God. True Frenchmen all, against  
French infidels and renegades.  
My war cry will be: "*Vive la France Catholique!*"  
"Long live Catholic France!"

*Bell No. 14—*

SANCTA PHILOMENA

Philomena is my name:

Its meaning is Daughter of Light.  
I am espoused to Him who is light eternal.  
For Him I gave my life and shed my blood.  
The burden of my song will be: "May the Light  
of Faith and the Fire of Love be kindled  
in every heart."

*Bell No. 15—*

SANCTA CAECILIA

Cæcilia is my name.

You will see my portrait in the rose  
presiding over the organ, with angels in  
harmonious pose, singing night and day:  
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.  
Heaven and Earth are full of Thy Glory.  
Hosanna in the Highest."

**DEDICATION DAY—OCTOBER 27, 1912**

**“Te Deum laudamus: te Dominum confitemur”**

## DEDICATION DAY OCTOBER 27, 1912

FOR YEARS the faithful Catholics of Denver had waited; for years they had struggled. Some had grown from middle life to old age in the interim. But patience, zeal, and sacrifice will gain their reward, and many an eye was filled with tears of gladness when, high over head, the sweet-toned bells flung their songs of praise upon the breeze that bright October morning. Slowly rose the sun and gazed in splendor upon the thousands who stood with bared and reverent heads to watch the approach of that wonderful procession which circled the building in the dedication of this beautiful house of God.

Nothing was lacking to add to the solemnity of the gorgeous ceremony. Nothing more imposing, more sweetly solemn and beautiful, has ever been seen in the West.

Slowly came the cross-bearer and acolytes down the long steps that lead from the bishop's home, where stood a full company of Knights of St. John, in their handsome military uniforms, with their waving plumes and banners, waiting to precede the long, glittering line. One hundred choir boys and men, cassocked in purple and red and surpliced in white, with folded hands and uplifted eyes, were followed by as many black-cassocked priests. Dominicans and Jesuits were there, Franciscans and Benedictines, Redemptorists and Servites—representatives of every religious community in the state marched reverently by.

Following them came the purple-clad bishops—fifteen of them—each accompanied by two chaplains, surpliced in white. These were followed by Archbishop Pitaval, who was later to celebrate

# The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Dedication Day Scenes: 1, The Gregorian Choir. 2, The Boys' Surpliced Choir.  
3, Bishops in Procession. 4, Priests in Procession. 5, Knights of St. John

the mass, his flowing train supported by two pages in suits of white satin and purple capes.

Then came the gracious figure of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, in golden cope and jeweled miter, his long court train of vivid red upheld by two small pages dressed in white satin, with cloaks of cardinal velvet.

As he passed, his hand uplifted in blessing, the faithful who lined the walks and filled the streets sank to their knees, the great bells in the high tower sang their thunderous praise, and the procession circled the church, while with his own hand the cardinal sprinkled the holy water and softly murmured the consecrating words of the dedication ceremony.

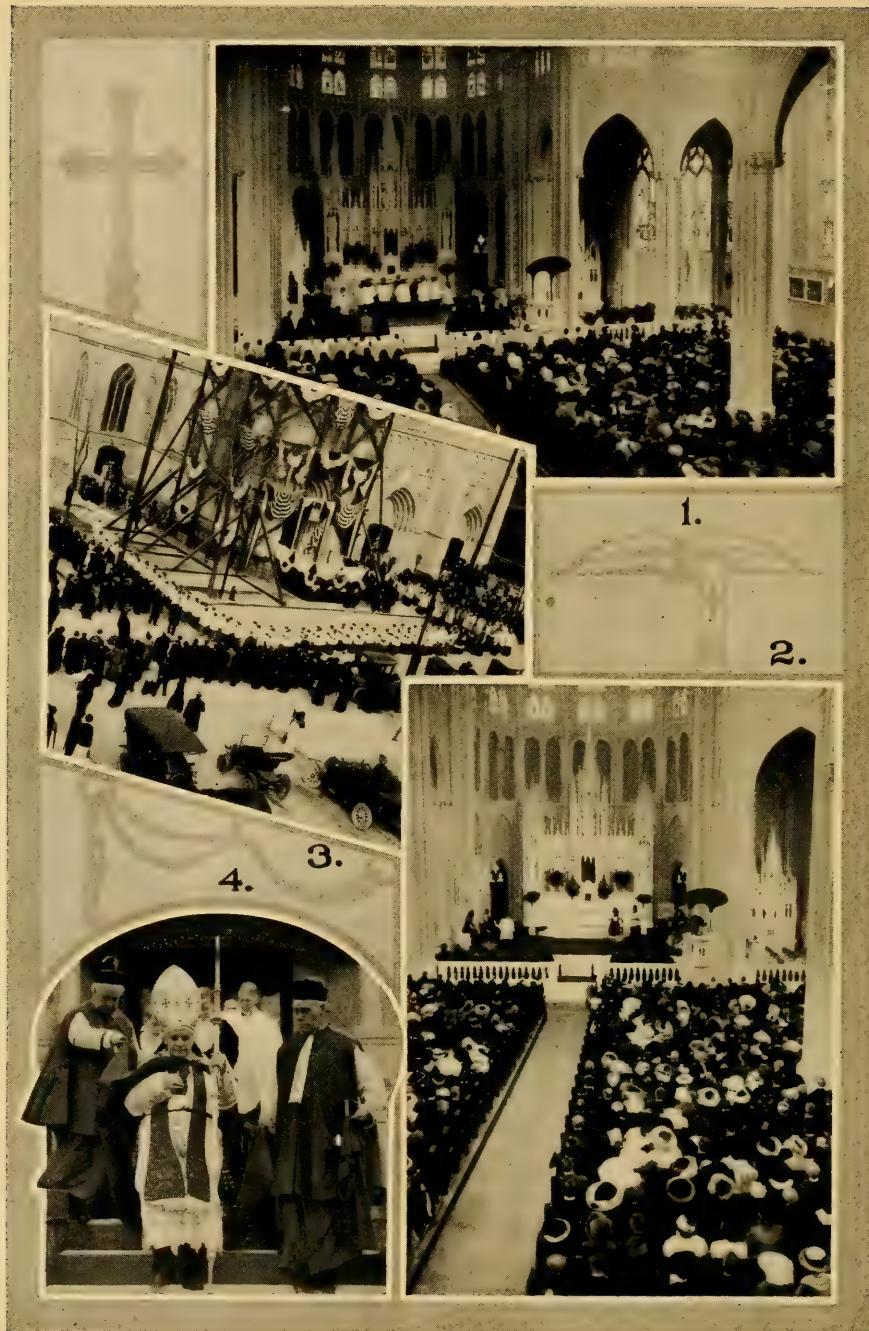
Inside the beautiful church, with its exquisite arches and fairy-like grace of proportion, an audience that filled every seat sat in hushed expectancy.

Suddenly the bells ceased to ring. Every head was turned toward the center aisle, where Father McMenamin came leading the procession. The plumed knights lined the aisle on either side, and down the center marched the choir. The full-toned peal of the organ sounded, and the great choir burst into a triumphal hymn, the high sweet voices of the tiny boys mingling with the deep tones of the men.

The procession divided at the foot of the steps leading to the sanctuary, the priests remaining below, the bishops in their purple robes taking their seats inside the sanctuary.

Then the cardinal led his procession about the inside of the church, sprinkling the holy water. The exquisite altar was prepared for the celebration of pontifical high mass. And for two hours the souls of the people who made this wonderful church a possibility, and who sat under the mystic spell of that extraordinary service, were uplifted by an exalted spiritual ecstasy, marked by their hushed and reverent air, and their expressions of profound and perfect faith.

The scene within the sanctuary, as the mass proceeded, was beautiful beyond words. The altar, of purest white marble, with its slender spires, its exquisite figures and lovely purity, lighted with



Dedication Day Scenes: 1 and 2, During Pontifical High Mass.  
3 and 4, Leaving the Cathedral after Mass

its waxen tapers and decorated with great bunches of red roses, made a fitting background for the gorgeously dressed figures of the archbishop and his assistants, with their glittering vestments of cloth of gold.

At one side, on a throne of white marble, sat the cardinal, his long train of flaming red trailing over the marble steps, with Monsignori Lavelle and McGean on either hand, while at his feet sat the tiny pages. Opposite, on a long marble bench covered with purple velvet, sat Bishop Matz and his attendants, his little pages at his feet. And toward the altar, at one side, behind a small gold-and-red prie-dieu, sat Archbishop J. J. Glennon, of St. Louis, the orator of the day, clad in his royal purple robes with a sweeping train; on either hand his pages in their white satins and cloaks of green velvet.

Down in front were rows of venerable, white-haired bishops in purple, supported on either side by surpliced priests.

The great organ sent waves of exquisite melody rolling through the high arches, the choir adding the beauty of their voices in chanting hymn and triumphant outbursts.

Following the mass, the whole congregation sank to their knees and bowed their heads; or rose to their feet with a rustling noise, like a strong wind blowing across a field of corn, their lips moving the while in silent, thankful prayer.

Once, in a hushed interval, the organist touched the *vox humana* stop on his keyboard, and out of the great instrument came the sound of a human voice, high and piercing, with a strange, haunting sweetness in the tone that held one spellbound and left one breathless with awe. It seemed somehow to link that wondrous ceremony to the distant heaven; to make clear, as nothing else could, the reason for it all. It touched a mysterious something that had been dumb; and a voice—not man's, but greater than man's—answered. It was as though from the court on high an angel's voice had dropped to let us know that they had heard, and knew, and were glad.

The gospel at an end, Archbishop Glennon mounted the white-marble pulpit, than which there is nothing finer in the country, and, laying aside the purple hat that crowned his youthful head,

# The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Dedication Day Scenes: 1, End of the Parade. 2, A Division in the Down-Town Streets. 3, Knights of Columbus Passing the Cathedral

talked of the Holy Catholic Church. It was an interesting sermon, full of earnestness, and a purity of speech and diction rare in our day.

His Eminence, John Cardinal Farley, followed with a short talk preceding his pontifical blessing. A right royal figure he was, as he leaned against the white marble; his hand—scarcely less white—resting on the rail; his strong, beautifully clear voice reaching every corner of the building.

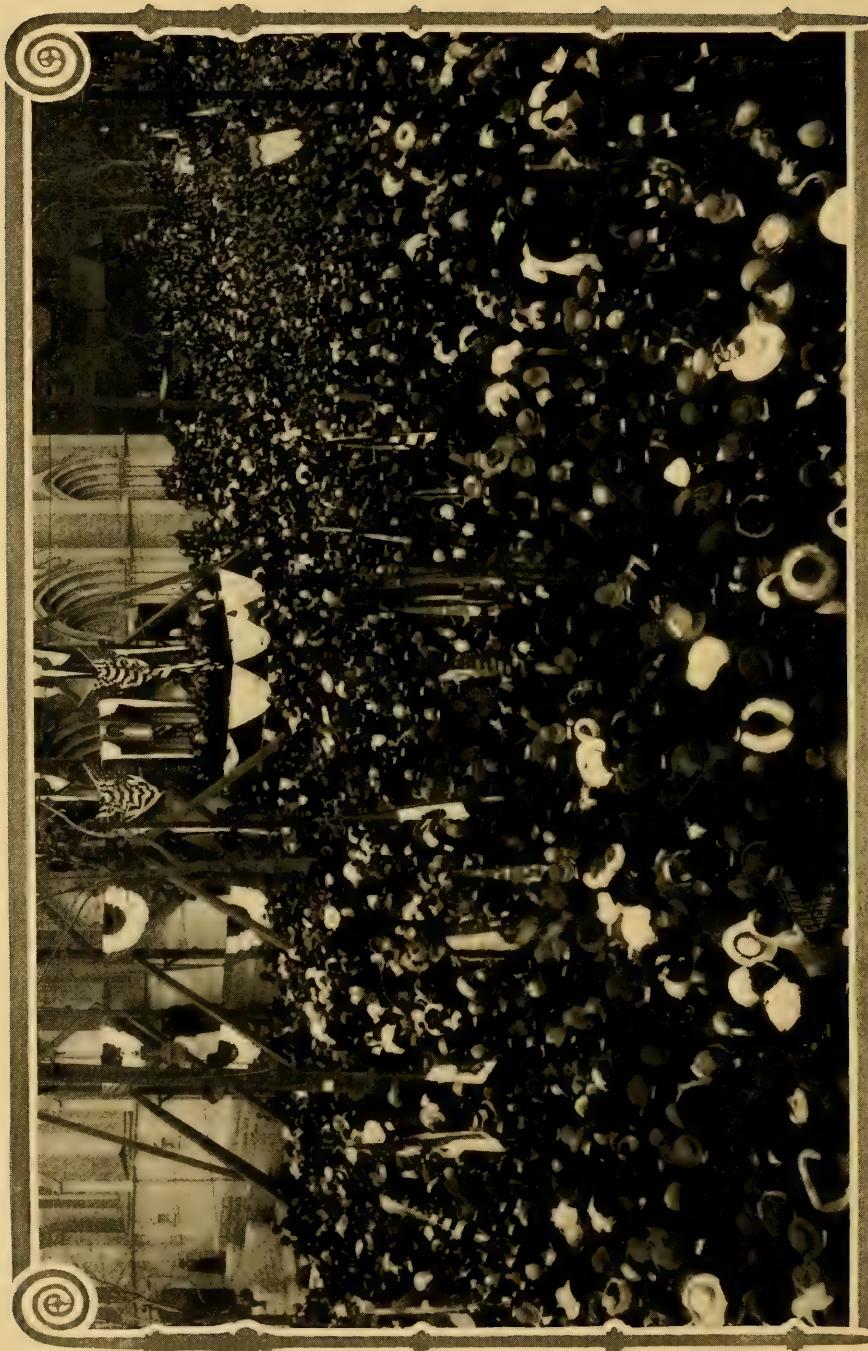
The mass over, the procession retraced its steps to the bishop's home. Then, while the visiting priests and prelates were at luncheon at the rectory, the guests of Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin, the Catholic men and boys from every parish in the city began assembling down-town for the greatest and most extraordinary parade ever seen in the West. "Ten thousand of them," said a Denver daily next day, "led by their pastors, marched the streets that day to the music of seven bands, to show their gratitude for the completion of the cathedral, and their appreciation of the efforts of Bishop N. C. Matz, Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin, and the laity who made the building possible; and their reverence for John Cardinal Farley and other church dignitaries, who came for the dedication of this magnificent edifice."

It was a wonderful procession. Millionaire and pauper, men with locks of snow and boys in the flush of youth—platoon after platoon of them—with buoyant step and serious mien passed by.

But greater than the parade, perhaps, was the spectacle of the throng that crowded the squares about the cathedral to see it pass, and to participate in the open-air service of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Catholics and non-Catholics were there. Thirty-five thousand of them were in sight from the reviewing stand, where sat His Eminence, Cardinal Farley; His Lordship, Bishop Matz; His Excellency, Governor Shafroth; Hon. John B. McGauran, the acting mayor; and visiting prelates.

The solid mass of humanity stretched in every direction as far as the eye could see. The human waves seemed billowing against the buildings, surging into doorways and upon steps of buildings, and disappearing about the corners of near-by streets and edifices.



Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by His Eminence, Cardinal Farley

As the last platoon passed, the massive doors of the cathedral were thrown ajar, and a hush fell over the multitude as it gazed upon the venerable figure of Cardinal Farley and his attendants, as they kneeled before a temporary altar, for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The strains of the "O Salutaris" floated over the scene from the brasses of a band, as Mr. Charles Nast lifted his baton to direct the singing. Timidly at first, and reverently, the wonderful words were sung. A moment or two, and over fifteen thousand Catholics were blending their voices. "Tantum Ergo" and "God of Might, We Sing Thy Praise" followed; and as the more familiar words of the latter hymn were heard, other thousands joined in the singing, and the harmony was borne for blocks, and was heard by hundreds of residents in that section.

As the last notes of the "Tantum Ergo" died away, and the cardinal raised the monstrance on high, there was a silence—almost crushing in the contrast; and twenty thousand Catholics dropped to their knees. Other thousands, who had come perhaps to scoff, kneeled with them—in sympathetic admiration at least, if not in adoration.

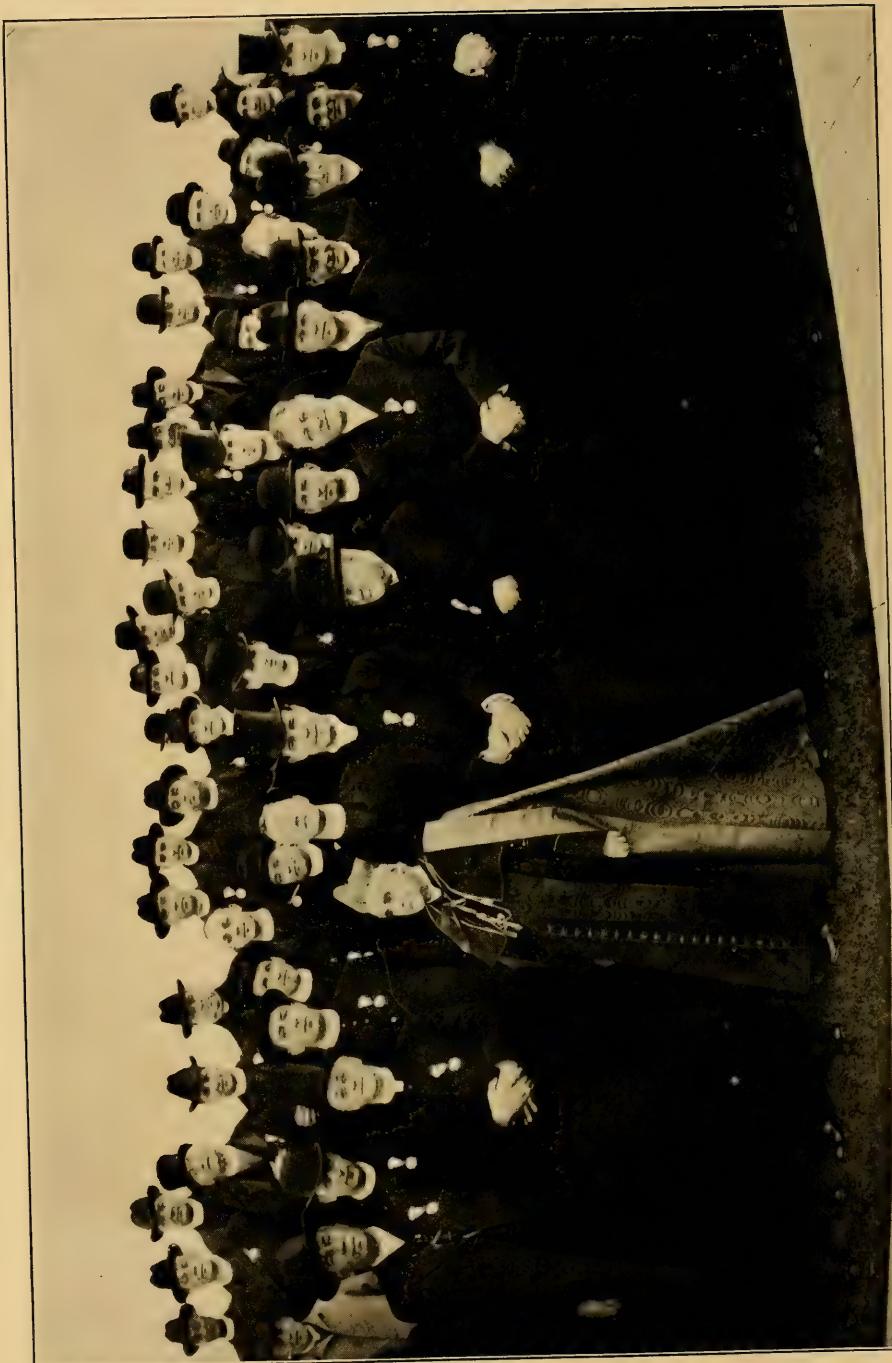
For a few moments there was silence; the doors flung closed; the band played the opening strains of "America;" and twenty thousand voices, Protestant and Catholic, joined in the national hymn as the crowd dispersed.

The sun was just beginning its descent beyond the western hills, and gazed upon the closing of *Denver's Greatest Day*.

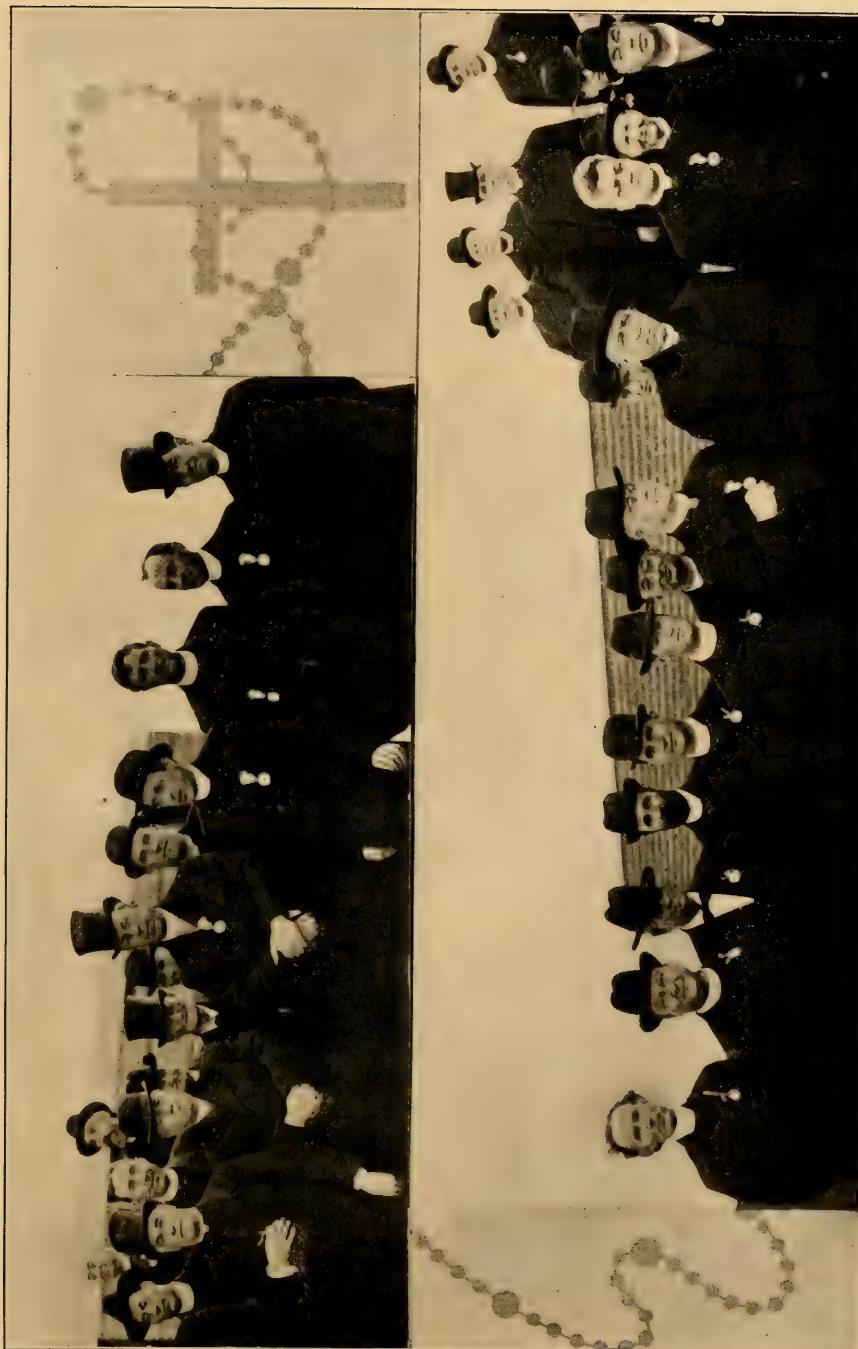
#### PONTIFICAL VESPERS

If the scene within the cathedral was beautiful in the morning, it was dazzling in the evening. The edifice was a blaze of light, that came from one knew not where. Eloquent were the tones of the massive organ; eloquent the harmony of the seventy-voiced choir; eloquent the lips of Rev. William O'Ryan, who held the overcrowded cathedral spellbound; and eloquent was the sight of the hundreds who could not gain admission, but listened to the strains of music from without.

The Pinnacled Glory of the West



His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, and Prominent Church Men



# The Pinnacled Glory of the West



His Eminence, Cardinal Farley at Agnes Memorial Sanatorium:  
1, Leaving the Institution. 2, Discussing the Tuberculosis Problem with Dr. Holden and  
Fr. McMenamin. 3 and 4, Inspecting the Sanatorium

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS

Celebrant . . . . .	Most. REV. J. P. PITAVAL
	Santa Fé, N. M.
A chpries . . . . .	REV. WILLIAM HOWLETT
	Loveland, Colo.
Deacon . . . . .	REV. ROBERT SERVANT
	Las Animas, Colo.
Subdeacon . . . . .	REV. G. RABER
	Colorado Springs, Colo.
Deacons of Honor to Cardinal Farley . . . . .	MGRS. LAVELLE and McGEAN
	New York, N. Y.
Deacons of Honor to Bishop Matz . . . . .	REV. PIUS MANZ, O.F.M., and REV. D. PANTANELLA, S.J.
	Denver, Colo.
Master of Ceremonies . . . . .	REV. J. J. CRONIN, C.M.
	Denver, Colo.
Sermon . . . . .	Most REV. J. J. GLENNON
	St. Louis, Mo.

DISTINGUISHED DEDICATION DAY VISITORS

HIS EMINENCE, JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY . . . . .	New York, N. Y.
Most Rev. J. J. GLENNON, D.D. . . . .	St. Louis, Mo.
Most Rev. J. B. PITAVAL, D.D. . . . .	Santa Fé, N. M.
RIGHT REV. JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM, D.D. . . . .	Concordia, Kan.
RIGHT REV. RICHARD SCANNELL, D.D. . . . .	Omaha, Neb.
RIGHT REV. J. J. HENNESSEY, D.D. . . . .	Wichita, Kan.
RIGHT REV. JOHN JANSSENS, D.D. . . . .	Bellville, Ill.
RIGHT REV. JOHN WARD, D.D. . . . .	Kansas City, Kan.
RIGHT REV. PHILIP J. GARRIGAN, D.D. . . . .	Sioux City, Ia.
RIGHT REV. HENRY GRANJON, D.D. . . . .	Tucson, Ariz.
RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER J. McGAVICK, D.D. . . . .	Chicago, Ill.
RIGHT REV. THOMAS F. LILLIS, D.D. . . . .	Kansas City, Mo.
RIGHT REV. EDMUND N. DUNNE, D.D. . . . .	Peoria, Ill.
RIGHT REV. JOHN P. CARROLL, D.D. . . . .	Helena, Mont.
RIGHT REV. J. HENRY TIHEN, D.D. . . . .	Lincoln, Neb.
RIGHT REV. PATRICK A. McGOVERN, D.D. . . . .	Cheyenne, Wyo.
RIGHT REV. MGR. M. J. LAVELLE, V.G. . . . .	New York, N. Y.
RIGHT REV. MGR. JAMES H. McGEAN, V.G. . . . .	New York, N. Y.
RIGHT REV. MGR. VICTOR DAY, V.G. . . . .	Helena, Mont.
RIGHT REV. MGR. HENRY ROBINSON, V.G. . . . .	Denver, Colo.
RIGHT REV. MGR. ANTON KUHLS . . . . .	Kansas City, Mo.
RIGHT REV. MGR. JOSEPH PERRIER . . . . .	Clyde, Kan.
VERY REV. MGR. JAMES LEWIS . . . . .	New York, N. Y.

# The Pinnacled Glory of the West



Our Distinguished Guest, Cardinal Farley: 1, Arrives at Union Depot. 2, Interviewed by the Press. 3, Dedicates the Cathedral. 4 and 5, Off to California

ORDER OF PARADE

The order of the parade was as follows:

FIRST DIVISION

Captain Cattel      Chief of Police O'Neil      Captain Lee

Platoon of Mounted Police

M. C. Harrington, Grand Marshal

Siggel's Band

Sergeant Russell, Marshal First Division

John H. Reddin, Supreme Master Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, for District of United States and Canada

M. W. Purcell, Master Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, Colorado and Wyoming

Herbert Fairall, F. N., Fourth Degree, Assembly of Denver

Fourth Degree Assembly, Knights of Columbus

John Hesse, Grand Knight, Denver Council

Denver Council No. 539, Knights of Columbus

Visiting Councils, Knights of Columbus

SECOND DIVISION

Colonel H. Livingston, Marshal

Knights of St. John Band

Uniform Rank, Knights of St. John

Rev. Father Pius Manz, O.F.M.

St. Elizabeth's Parish

Rev. William O'Ryan

St. Leo's Drum Corps

St. Leo's Parish

Rev. Father Desaulnier

St. Mary Magdalen Parish

THIRD DIVISION

John D. Cross, Marshal

Schreiber's Band

Uniformed Italian Societies

Rev. Father Paul

Mount Carmel Parish

Rev. David O'Dwyer

St. Patrick's Parish

Rev. Father Vallily, O.S.D.

St. Dominic's Parish

Rev. Father Fede, S. J.

Holy Family and St. Catherine's Parishes

FOURTH DIVISION

William H. McCarthy, Marshal

Schreiber's Band

Rev. Father Barry

Sacred Heart Parish

Rev. Father Murphy

Annunciation Parish

Rev. Father Burke

Holy Ghost Parish

Rev. Father Jarzinski

St. Joseph's (Globeville) Parish

FIFTH DIVISION

George Hackethal, Marshal

Schreiber's Band

Rev. Joseph Guendling

St. Joseph's Parish

Rev. J. J. Donnelly

St. Francis De Sales Parish

Rev. Charles Carr

St. John's Parish

Rev. Lewis Hagus

St. Louis (Englewood) Parish

# The Pinnacled Glory of the West

## SIXTH DIVISION

A. S. Sheid, Marshal  
 St. Vincent's Band  
 Rev. Father Hyde  
 Sacred Heart College  
 Rev. James M. Walsh  
 Rev. M. W. Donovan  
 St. Philomena's and St. James (Montclair) Parishes  
 David O'Brien and E. J. Hynes, Marshals for Cathedral  
 Immaculate Conception Cathedral Parish  
 Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin

## MUSICAL PROGRAM

The music, under the direction of Professor M. C. Marks and Rev. Joseph Bossetti, was as follows.

### MASS

Prelude—Andante Maestoso . . . . .	Seifert
Processional—Universal Papal Hymn . . . . .	Ganne
Proper of the Mass—Quartet . . . . .	Tozer
Ordinary . . . . .	Gregorian
Offertory—	
(a) "Ave Maria"—Chorus . . . . .	Bonvin, S. J.
(b) "Domine Deus" . . . . .	Stehle
After Elevation—"Ave Verum" . . . . .	Perosi
Recessional—"Laudate Dominum" . . . . .	Gounod
Postlude—Festival March in B Flat . . . . .	Silas

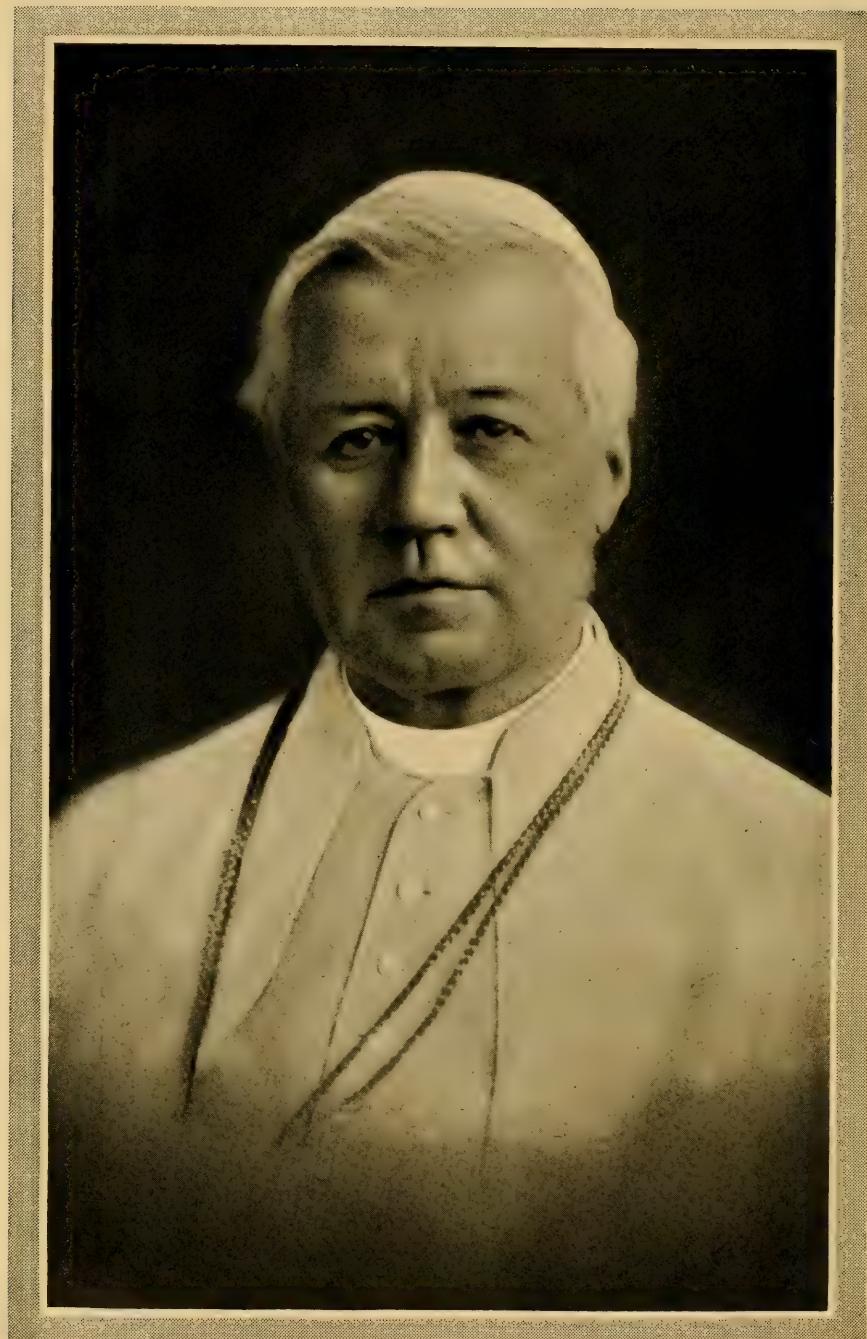
### VESPERS

Prelude—Toccata in C Minor . . . . .	Faulkes
Vespers . . . . .	Gregorian
"Ave Maria Stella"—Quartet	
Benediction	
"O Salutaris" . . . . .	Bossetti
Motett—	
(a) "In Me Gratia"—Solo . . . . .	Kristimus
(b) "Recordare"—Chorus . . . . .	Kristimus
"Tantum Ergo" . . . . .	Marks
"Laudate Dominum" . . . . .	Gounod
Postlude—Grand Chorus . . . . .	Lemmens

### MONDAY—JUBILEE MASS

Prelude—Allegro Maestoso . . . . .	Saint-Saens
Offertory—"Sacerdotes Domini" . . . . .	Filke
"O Salutaris" . . . . .	Palestrina
Postlude—Responsive Chorus . . . . .	Gigot

## CONGRATULATIONS AND PRAISE



His Holiness, Pius X

## CONGRATULATIONS AND PRAISE

### A Message from Rome

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To His Lordship, Bishop Matz, D.D.:

On the occasion of the dedication of Denver's cathedral, the Holy Father sends, from the bottom of his heart, to the Bishop, the clergy, and the faithful of the whole diocese, his Apostolic Benediction, imploring Divine protection and abundant blessings.

[Signed] Cardinal Merry Del Val.



John Cardinal Farley

### CARDINAL'S REMARKS

This is a red-letter day in my life. Never before have I come so far into your glorious West. Denver is indeed a beautiful city, the Queen City of the West, the Queen of the Plains; and this cathedral is the most priceless gem set in her diadem. The stones of this splendid cathedral will speak to your children's children with that same eloquence of the cathedral piles of Europe. Its stones, as theirs, are telling the story of religion—of its glory, its sweetness, and its beauty.

I congratulate you for keeping warm the flame of Catholicism in this community. I congratulate you on the spires of your cathedral, that shoot like arrows into the blue of the sky, and represent to you eternal aspirations toward God and the ideal.

My blessing rests upon all of you that did anything to uplift this noble pile. May it be translated into prayer that will uplift and lead you ever on and upwards! The Catholic religion is beautiful in its symbolism. Each symbol and every ceremony, performed with that reverence that has marked our worship for two thousand years, represents a glorious truth in the blessed life of Christ.

JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY.

## PROEM

I am sure there are two sentiments to which everyone present today would wish to give expression; namely, admiration for the beautiful cathedral within the walls of which we are assembled, and grateful felicitation to those who built it.

We cannot but admire this Gothic pile—so graceful are its lines, so chaste its adornment. See these spires, this vaulted roof, this marble altar—their every line like the soul's aspiration pointing to eternity and to God! The altar first, and then the roof, and then the spire—making a grand procession upward from the Throne of Sacrifice to the Throne of God!

Here by the mountain-side it stands, blending mountain-peak and pine-tree, consecrating the one and the other, and the hearts that beat beneath them, to the Lord of the Universe.

And because of these things should we feel grateful to those who planned; those who labored; those who subscribed; those even who, in lieu of something more substantial, offered their sympathy in the erection of this noble edifice. Your good bishop, tomorrow a happy jubilarian; your priests; your people; your citizens—all are entitled to our good wishes and, what is better, to God's benediction.

His GRACE, Most REV. J. J. GLENNON.



Left to right: Rt. Rev. N. C. Matz, D.D.; Most Rev. J. J. Glennon, D.D.;  
Most Rev. J. P. Pitaval, D.D.; Rt. Rev. J. Henry Tihen, D.D.

#### EDITORIALS FROM THE LOCAL PRESS

The spectacle of twenty thousand men and women kneeling in the streets in religious devotion is so unusual that it deserves more than passing comment.

Neither the elation over the successful construction of a great cathedral, magnificent though it be with its vaulted dome, its carved pillars, its colored windows with their stories of sacred history; nor the obedience to authority and reverence for power that have been a part of the faith of the organization that builded it, can account for the demonstration.

Such a gathering and such an exhibition must find their explanation far beyond the spires that reach toward Heaven—deeper than in the mere emotion that comes from multitudes.

It means that Man is still a religious being; still holds within his soul the hope, the reverence, the longing for eternal goodness, that was his when the stars sang together on the first morning.

In the haste of commercial life, the criticism is often made that men are getting away from those ancient foundations of faith that have made civilization possible.

Some answer is found in that kneeling throng.

Man is religious. Man lives for his ideals. Man cherishes the principles that give purpose to his life and the hope for eternity.

The proud boast of those who built the cathedral—that it represents a faith that is changeless and unchanging through all the ages; that it never swerves in customs or forms—can be rivaled only by the prouder boast of humanity—that it has deep within its soul a fixed standard and a fixed hope that gleams brighter than any altar fires and that finds its expression in daily deeds.

Wonderful is the new cathedral, with its marbled altar and its impressive beauty.

More wonderful and more beautiful is that ideal of life that lives through all the ages, turning man, however wayward, ever to the image of God.

—*Denver Express*, October 28, 1912.

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Amid ceremonies of a magnificence for which the Catholic church has never been surpassed, the acting presence of one of the greatest dignitaries of the Roman faith, the congratulations of Pope Pius X himself, and a processional declaration of faith in which twelve thousand men and boys participated, the formal dedication of the new Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was appropriately consummated Sunday.

It marked the close of years of endeavor—years during which those who contributed did so with somewhat of the same beautiful sentiment with which a man kneels down to pray.

—*Denver Post*, October 28, 1912.

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With all the ritualistic pomp and religious splendor of the Roman Catholic church, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated yesterday by Cardinal Farley.

Deepest devotion marked the services celebrating the completion of Denver's most beautiful church, and the spectacle of

ten thousand souls kneeling outdoors to receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was one never surpassed in the ecclesiastical history of the West.

The gigantic afternoon parade, in which nearly eight thousand Catholics of Denver participated, in fitting jubilation at the success crowning the struggle, commenced more than fifty years ago, to establish the Catholic church in Colorado, was by far the greatest religious demonstration ever witnessed in the Rocky Mountain region.

—*Denver Republican*, October 28, 1912.

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A cardinal, an archbishop, and many lesser members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy assembled in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception yesterday, and spoke in joyous inspiration throughout the impressive services that marked the dedication of the great edifice to Mary the Mother.

But, colorful and splendid as the ceremonials were, no presence of prelate was necessary to the admission of the cathedral into the service of the Trinity that has the happiness and the redemption of mankind for pure object. From the time that the first spadeful of earth was turned, the dedication of the cathedral has been going on steadily; for it was the love and faith of individuals that piled stone on stone, and sent the spires as heralds to heaven.

Beautiful indeed is the building, but not so beautiful as the spirit that impelled the sacrifices underlying the donation of the moneys that made possible the erection of this wonderful temple to the Mother of God. Every cent contributed represented a deep, clear faith, a belief in the love and fraternity that the Savior preached, and an aspiration that has kinship with Divinity.

A cause that can command such devotion is a great cause, and a church that can command such fealty is a great church. May the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception long stand, its spires an expression of the questing, upturned face of humanity, its chimes an eternal call to the spirituality that stirs within us, and its doors a haven to the weary-hearted in search of hope and rest!

—*Rocky Mountain News*, October 28, 1912.

The foregoing extracts from Denver's leading newspapers are indicative of the sentiments felt and expressed by thousands, and it is noteworthy that in the extracts quoted, as well as in the sentiments expressed by so many others, the writers go beyond mere admiration of a beautiful pile of stone, beyond enthusiasm over artistic marble and exquisite glass, beyond wonder at the magnificent spectacle of marching thousands and kneeling tens of thousands, and recognize the fact that back of, and above, and permeating it all was something higher, and nobler, and stronger than worldly enthusiasm or human achievement. That something was the world-wide spirit of Catholicism, the undying Catholic faith, which alone can make such things possible. They realized that graceful spires, lifelike marble, beauteous glass, or even visiting prelates were not enough to create the enthusiasm that twenty thousand Catholics displayed that day. And there was imparted to them, perhaps, a little of the religious fervor that filled the hearts of Catholics. And who will say that men, of no matter what creed, were not the better, were not drawn a little nearer to heaven, by reason of having witnessed the day's ceremonies?

Other celebrations Denver has had—some, perhaps, that called out as many thousands; but, praiseworthy and laudable as may have been the cause in which they were united, enthusiastic as their admirers may have been, Denver never had a celebration in which the motive was so high, the inspiration so lofty, or the sentiments aroused so holy, as in this, in which motive, inspiration, sentiments began and ended in the one idea—God.

It is events like this that go far toward convincing a skeptical and unbelieving world that, of all the sentiments burning within the human breast, that of religion has firmest hold on the hearts and minds of men; that, of all religions, Christianity best lifts them to a higher plane; and that, of the various forms of Christianity, that of Catholicism has foremost claim on human intelligence.

Oh, Holy Church of God! When will men learn to appreciate thy beauty and thy power? When will they realize that a Divinity gives power to thine arm, thus enabling thee to lift earth's exiles above the things of clay and hold them close to the things of God?

## THE BISHOP'S JUBILEE

I will give you pastors according to My own heart, and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine.

*—Jeremiah 3:15.*

## THE BISHOP'S JUBILEE



O INTIMATELY ASSOCIATED has been the life of Bishop Matz with the building of Denver's cathedral, so closely connected was the silver jubilee of the former with the dedication of the latter, that it were a mistake to close this volume without some space being devoted to that jubilee; for, in the words of a Denver daily of October 29: "Never in the history of the Catholic church in the West have demonstrations of such stupendous and heartfelt magnitude been held in honor of one man as were witnessed in Denver yesterday in commemoration of the silver jubilee of Bishop N. C. Matz."

From every part of the diocese (which embraces the entire State of Colorado) came his loyal priests, to show their appreciation of the splendid head of one hundred thousand Catholics, one hundred and sixty-six priests, sixty-four churches, ninety-seven missions, and eight thousand school-children.

Nor were the priests alone in doing him honor; for when His Lordship entered the sanctuary to begin pontifical mass that morning of October 28, 1912, he found his spacious cathedral crowded to the doors with men and women from every walk of life, with the children of the cathedral school assisting in a body, while a cardinal, two archbishops, fifteen bishops, and several monsignori filled the sanctuary.

"Yesterday the building—today the man. Yesterday the dedication of a stately cathedral erected to the honor and glory of God for the salvation of souls; today the commemoration of its pastor's consecration for the same ends a quarter of a century ago," were the opening words of Right Rev. J. Henry Tihen's jubilee sermon.



Rt. Rev. N. C. Matz, D.D.

#### PRESENTATION OF THE MARBLE THRONE

Following the celebration of the jubilee mass, His Lordship was halted on his way to the sacristy by the master of ceremonies, that Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin, rector of the cathedral, might be given opportunity to present him, in the name of the priests of the diocese, with the marble throne, than which there is none more exquisite in the land.

Father McMenamin spoke as follows:

On this memorable occasion, the completion of your twenty-five years in the episcopate, the priests of the diocese desire to make a presentation at once symbolic of your high station and holy office, and of their respect and esteem.

The throne, or bishop's chair, is the symbol of authority. Its presence marks and makes the cathedral church, and, in the name of your priests, I present to you this throne.

In a long episcopate, that little troubles should arise is to be expected; for human nature is always human nature, and priests are human, and bishops are appointed to rule. That you have ruled over priests and people with gentle kindness and forbearance, no man can gainsay.

Your character stands before the people of Colorado in general, and Denver in particular, as spotless and unblemished as is the marble in this throne.

We congratulate Your Lordship on the completion of your twenty-five years in the episcopate. We congratulate you on the completion of this magnificent edifice—this joyous hymn of praise to God. May you have many years of fruitful enjoyment herein!

His Lordship replied that his priests were his pride and his glory; that he deeply appreciated this mark of esteem and loving respect; and that he thanked them from the bottom of his heart.

#### THE JUBILEE BANQUET

On the evening of this same day a banquet was tendered His Lordship at the Brown Palace Hotel by the priests of the diocese. At table were His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Bishops, the Right Reverend and Very

Reverend Monsignori, and over one hundred priests who assisted at the morning celebration.

The brilliant Rev. William O’Ryan presided as toastmaster; and never, perhaps, did his wit and genius show to better advantage than in his introductions.

If the toastmaster was brilliant, the speakers were not less so, and for one hour the guests were deeply interested and highly entertained—first by His Eminence, who responded to the toast “Our Holy Father;” then by His Grace, Archbishop Glennon, who answered to “Our Country;” and finally by Rev. J. F. McDonough, who delivered the jubilee address.

#### JUBILEE ADDRESS

*Right Reverend and Dear Bishop:*

We, your priests, desire to congratulate you on this memorable day. Twenty-five years ago today, God’s call having come to you, through the command of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the holy words were said, and the holy rite perfected, by which the high office and sacred dignity of the bishopric were intrusted to you. The ring of your nuptials to the Church was placed on your finger, and you vowed yourself, heart and intellect, body and soul, to the service of that great Bride. The pastoral staff, symbol of duty and authority, was put in your hand to hold until death.



Jubilee Banquet to Rt. Rev. N. C. Matz, D.D.

Not for any idle propriety of appearance do we congratulate Your Lordship today. Some of us have known you all these years; the others have learned the tradition of that quarter of a century, and from full hearts they all offer their felicitations. They recognize your fidelity to duty; they are fully aware that Your Lordship has never been unfaithful to the tremendous dignity, nor has ever been deaf to the high calls of that holiest office on earth—the apostolate of Jesus Christ.

Your Lordship has been the faithful pastor, the kind and learned feeder and ruler of the flock, the patient bishop with your priests. And because the state and diocese met difficult things and times, and your priests were frequently called to many a hardship and sacrifice, Your Lordship called them to no sacrifices that greater were not cheerfully accepted by yourself.

God has been generous to Catholic Colorado in these years. Twenty-five years have seen more than a threefold increase in population; the few scattered churches and missions have been similarly multiplied; the poor and the orphaned have not been neglected; the fiber of Catholicism has been strengthened. Piety toward God, charity toward men, mark the Catholics of your diocese as deeply and plainly as those of any portion of the flock of Christ.

It adds to the joy of today, Your Lordship's jubilee day, that in the great and beautiful cathedral, so long desired and now completed and given to God, you are enabled to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving for the goodness and continued mercy of God.

Your people are here with their devotion to their bishop, and their prayers for him; your priests, with their renewed fealty. Your Lordship's brethren of the sacred hierarchy have come from afar to do you honor. Rome's mighty heart is beating here today; for the revered scarlet of a Prince of the Church and Councilor of the Vicar of Christ is among us, to our overflowing pride and joy.

This is a day which the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it!

May many happy days and fruitful years come to Your Lordship! May He bless you, Who has made you His apostle, with a serene old age, with the continued reverence of your people, with the willing service and warm loyalty of your priests!

A copy of this address, beautifully illuminated and signed by the priests of the diocese, was presented to His Lordship.

### GREETING TO HIS HOLINESS

During the banquet the following message was cabled to His Holiness, Pope Pius X:

*To His Holiness, Pope Pius X, Rome:*

His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, His Lordship, Bishop Matz, visiting prelates, and the clergy of the Denver diocese, assembled on the occasion of the dedication of Denver's new cathedral, and the silver jubilee of His Lordship, Bishop Matz, send greetings to Your Holiness, and pledge our obedience and loyalty to the See of St. Peter.

[Signed]      REV. HUGH L. McMENAMIN,  
*Rector of Cathedral.*

## FACTS ABOUT CATHEDRAL

“Facts are stubborn things”

8

## FACTS ABOUT CATHEDRAL

IN PUBLISHING the following pages of "Facts," we naturally think first of our architect. It is to his inspiration, his skill, his genius, that we owe the fact that our cathedral is "The Pinnacled Glory of the West." Therefore, let our first fact be:

*Architect*

LEON COQUARD, Detroit, Mich.

*Contractors*

Basement—Frank Damascio, Denver, Colo.

Steel—Minneapolis Steel and Machinery Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Superstructure—John A. Anderson, Chicago, Ill.

Plaster—J. J. Cook, St. Paul, Minn.

Pews and woodwork—McPhee & McGinnity Company, Denver, Colo.

Altars—Daprato Statuary Company, Chicago, Ill.

Stained glass—Daprato Statuary Company, Chicago, Ill.

Stations of the Cross—Daprato Statuary Company, Chicago, Ill.

Floor—Atlas Floor Company; P. V. Roberts, agent, Denver, Colo.

Electric fixtures—Electrical Supply and Construction Company, Denver, Colo.

Heat and ventilation—Phil McCarthy, Denver, Colo.

Plumbing—Lamont & McIver, Denver, Colo.

Painting—T. H. Miller, Denver, Colo.

Organ—W. W. Kimball Organ Company, Chicago, Ill.

Wardrobes—J. M. Simpson Woodwork Company, Denver, Colo.

Safes—Charpiot Safe Company, Denver, Colo.

Tile roof—Denver Sheet Metal Works Company, Denver, Colo.

Confessionals, steps, risers, etc.—Colorado-Yule Marble Company, Denver, Colo.

Three altars, two shrines, eleven pieces of statuary, pulpit, throne, altar railing, and baptistry (Italian Carrara marble)—Daprato Statuary Company, Chicago, Ill.

Windows (all stained glass)—Royal Bavarian Institute (F. X. Zettler), Munich, Germany; Daprato Statuary Company, agents.

Stations (alto-rilievo)—Daprato Statuary Company, Chicago, Ill.

Chime of fifteen bells—McShane Bell Foundry Company, Baltimore, Md.

Ornamental brass doors—Charles W. Patterson Company, Denver, Colo.

# The Pinnacled Glory of the West

## DIMENSIONS OF BUILDING

Length . . . . .	195 feet
Width . . . . .	116 feet
Width of nave . . . . .	60 feet
Width of transept . . . . .	60 feet
Height of ceiling . . . . .	68 feet
Height of towers . . . . .	210 feet
Seating capacity . . . . .	1,500

## SOME IMPORTANT DATES

Ground broken . . . . .	1902
Work discontinued . . . . .	four years
Corner-stone laid . . . . .	July 15, 1906
Work discontinued . . . . .	two years
Rev. H. L. McMenamin appointed rector . . . . .	July 26, 1908
Spires capped . . . . .	1911
Dedicated . . . . .	October 27, 1912

## MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

The foundation is made of Colorado Gunnison granite.

The material of the superstructure is Indiana Bedford stone.

A chapel that will accommodate five hundred children is fitted up in the basement for their exclusive use.

The sacristies are constantly supplied with hot and cold water.

Toilet-rooms and every other modern convenience are found in the basement and sacristies.

Telephone conversations can be held from the sacristy with different parts of the building.

Spiral stairways lead to the great balconies high above the ground, from which a magnificent view of 180 miles of snow-capped mountains can be had.

Total cost of building, approximately \$500,000.

## MEMORIALS

Chime of Fifteen Bells . . . . . Mr. and Mrs. John F. Campion and Family

### MARBLE

Communion Rail . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mullen
Guardian Angel Statue . . . . .	Children of the School
Immaculate Conception Statue . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McPhee
St. Joseph's Statue . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McPhee
Mother of Grace Statue . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. A. Enneking
Sacred Heart Statue . . . . .	Mrs. Eugene H. Weckbaugh
Angel of the Rose . . . . .	Miss Kathryn M. Bennett
Angel of the Chalice . . . . .	Rev. John Duffy
Baptismal Font . . . . .	A Friend

Bishop's Throne . . . . .	Priests of the Diocese
Holy Water Font No. 1 . . . . .	Miss Nellie Joyce
Holy Water Font No. 2 . . . . .	Miss Margaret Opdyke
Marble Vase No. 1 . . . . .	Miss Mary C. Carew
Marble Vase No. 2 . . . . .	Miss Bridget McManus

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

First Station . . . . .	Mr. J. J. Campbell
Second Station . . . . .	Mrs. W. T. Crean
Third Station . . . . .	Mrs. Arthur D. LaHine
Fourth Station . . . . .	Mrs. F. Cazin
Fifth Station . . . . .	Masters H. Loraine Luckenbach and Rolf H. Luckenbach
Sixth Station . . . . .	Miss Margaret McDonough
Seventh Station . . . . .	Miss Mary Bagley
Eighth Station . . . . .	Miss Anna Costello
Ninth Station . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. John Thams
Tenth Station . . . . .	Mr. George Pope
Eleventh Station . . . . .	Mrs. P. R. Gallagher
Twelfth Station . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Stall
Thirteenth Station . . . . .	Mrs. P. J. Kelly
Fourteenth Station . . . . .	Miss Josie Marion

WINDOWS

The Descent from the Cross . . . . .	Mr. Peter Gottesleben and Family
The Return from Calvary . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Scherrer
Our Lord Raising the Dead . . . . .	Children of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sullivan
Our Lord Stilling the Tempest . . . . .	Mrs. H. W. Anderson
Our Lord Blessing the Children . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mullen
The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin . . . . .	Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin
The Visitation . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Connor
The Annunciation . . . . .	L. C. B. A., Immaculate Conception Branch
The Assumption . . . . .	Miss Julia Clifford
The Miracle of Loaves and Fishes . . . . .	Mrs. Barbara Riethman
The Miracle of Cana . . . . .	Mrs. Barbara Riethman
St. Paul at Athens . . . . .	Mrs. Annie M. Jacobson
The Nativity . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Mullen
The Presentation . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Delleker
The Resurrection . . . . .	Mrs. John A. Fallon
The Descent of the Holy Ghost . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Donnegan
The Agony in the Garden . . . . .	Mr. William Scott
Meeting of Christ and His Mother . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Horan
The Crucifixion . . . . .	A Friend
The Sacrifice of Melchisedech . . . . .	Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Mullen
Papal Coat-of-Arms . . . . .	Master Charles West
Episcopal Coat-of-Arms . . . . .	Master Harry Ozanne
Clerestory Window . . . . .	Mr. A. J. Sullivan

## STATEMENT OF BUILDING COMMITTEE

In submitting the following statement relative to the financing of the cathedral project, we go back only to 1905. At that time His Lordship, Bishop Matz was conducting a personal money-raising campaign. Some real estate belonging to the Cathedral Association was sold, and the contract for the foundation was let, under the supervision of the late Dennis Murto.

About this time Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin came to the cathedral as assistant, and began to assist the bishop in his collections. Soon after a carnival was held, which netted the cathedral \$4,000. This, together with what was left from the sale of property, and the collections mentioned above, was found inadequate to proceed with the building, and work was discontinued after the corner-stone was laid, July 15, 1906.

It was shortly after this time that Mr. James E. O'Connor became interested in a completed cathedral, and discussed with Father McMenamin plans to raise funds. Having obtained the sanction of the bishop, they began the organization of the young men and young women into clubs, each individual pledging himself to contribute \$50. The meetings for the young women were held at the cathedral rectory, and those for the young men at the office of Wolcott, Vaile & Waterman, with which firm Mr. O'Connor was at that time associated in the practice of law. Mr. J. K. Mullen was made the treasurer for the funds thus raised. This campaign was conducted with considerable success for about one year.

Going over the situation again, Father McMenamin and Mr. O'Connor found that the money thus raised, added to the balance left from the collections mentioned above, and the proceeds from the Carnival of Nations, left the cathedral with the following assets: \$26,073.74 in cash, and the foundation in place.

The outlook was not encouraging. Then, at Mr. O'Connor's suggestion, His Lordship was asked to sanction the calling together of a number of men interested in the cathedral. Mr. O'Connor personally sent out the invitations, and on Thursday, May 2, 1907,

a meeting was held in the office of Mr. John F. Campion, with the following gentlemen present:

Campion, John F.	Mullen, J. K.
Carlin, Dr. P. V.	Nast, Charles
Chisholm, C. A.	O'Connor, James E.
Cottrell, George	O'Connor, Dr. J. W.
Daly, Thomas F.	O'Donnell, T. J.
Dunn, Joseph P.	Savageau, P. A.
Horan, W. P.	Sayer, William
Kearns, George E.	Spellman, Joseph
McGinnity, J. J.	Yeaman, Caldwell
Matz, Right Rev. Bishop	

As evidence of their interest and faith in the proposition to construct the cathedral building, six of the gentlemen in attendance at this initial meeting voluntarily subscribed \$17,500 to the building fund.

A second meeting was held five days later—Tuesday, May 7, 1907—at the same place, with the following gentlemen present:

Campion, John F.	Mullen, J. K.
Carlin, Dr. P. V.	O'Connor, James E.
Leonard, James	Sheedy, Dennis
McGinnity, J. J.	Willcox, Charles MacAllister
McPhee, C. D.	

These meetings resulted in the organization of “The Cathedral Building Association” and the appointment of the following Building Committee:

John F. Campion, President	Charles D. McPhee
J. K. Mullen	James E. O'Connor, Secretary

This committee and Father McMenamin took entire charge of the construction of the cathedral building, and remained in control of the building operations until its full completion.

Another asset which had much to do with the ultimate success of the cathedral building, and that should not be passed unnoticed, is the cathedral site of eight lots, purchased more than ten years ago. The purchase price, \$28,500, was paid by four of the leading members of our parish.

A few months after the organization of the Cathedral Building Committee, the acting rector being absent through illness, Father

McMenamin was placed in charge of the parish, and at once began a systematic campaign for raising funds. On July 26, 1908, he was appointed rector.

Since the date when he took charge, all moneys spent on the cathedral, with the exception of the \$26,000 mentioned above and a mortgage loan of \$200,000, have been collected. One item in the books of the Building Committee alone shows that \$60,053.46 was turned over to it from excess parish receipts.

The above figures do not embrace any contributions made directly to the Cathedral Building Fund.

#### A WORD ABOUT THE CATHEDRAL CONTRIBUTIONS

The largest individual contributions since the organization of the Cathedral Building Association are those of J. K. Mullen, \$6,500; J. J. McGinnity, \$6,000; John F. Campion, \$5,000. Eight others contributed amounts of \$1,000 or more; making a total contribution, in large donations, of \$26,695. In this amount is included \$16,000 of the \$17,500 mentioned above as subscribed at the time of the organization of the Catholic Cathedral Building Committee. In addition to this, four donations in excess of \$1,000 were received for memorials.

In view of the comparatively small amount received from large donations, and in view of the further fact that contributions from upward of three thousand persons have been turned in by Father McMenamin, some idea can be had of the amount of labor involved.

Today we find ourselves with a cathedral complete in every detail, and, though others may be more expensive, not one in the country, we believe, is more artistic.

We are carrying a mortgage debt of \$200,000. This debt is payable as follows:

May 1, 1912, to May 1, 1917, inclusive (5 years).....	\$10,000 per year
May 1, 1917, to May 1, 1929, inclusive (12 years).....	12,500 per year

These amounts draw interest at the rate of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent per annum.

The committee believes that our mortgage debt is not excessive, in view of the tremendous increase from the ordinary parish revenues

during the past four years. If the parishioners will continue to co-operate with the rector, the debt can be cared for from the ordinary parish receipts.

In conclusion, this committee wishes to express thanks for the assistance given it by the people of the city in general, and by the people of the Cathedral Parish in particular.

Respectfully submitted,

THE BUILDING COMMITTEE.

JOHN F. CAMPION,

*President.*

JAMES E. O'CONNOR,

*Secretary.*

### STATEMENT OF RECTOR

Having carefully examined the foregoing report from our Building Committee, I wish to testify to the correctness of the statement of facts and figures contained therein.

It will be observed that the committee went back seven years, or to 1905, in preparing the statement, and as that period covers the time during which I have personally been connected with the Cathedral Parish, I am conversant with the business done.

The memory of the Carnival of Nations, which netted us \$4,000, is as of yesterday. Nor is it easy to forget the cessation of work after the laying of the corner-stone.

I am particularly interested, however, in the period that began with the organization of this committee and my own appointment as rector. With a bank account of \$26,000, and a congregation which would not grow enthusiastic, we were facing a half-million-dollar proposition. Then the unprecedented happened. Contracts were let for the superstructure approximating \$225,000, which were soon followed by others; and to the lasting glory of the people of our parish be it said that they rose to the occasion. The figures given in the statement from our Building Committee tell the story. The members of the committee, and the fifteen prominent men who selected them, led the way with an aggregate subscription of \$17,500. The rest of the money, exclusive of our loan,

came from approximately three thousand contributions, ranging in amounts from one dollar to one thousand, and from the net parish revenue, which alone amounted to \$60,000.

Never before, perhaps, has a single parish approached so large a proposition from so small a beginning, and to the excellent financial standing and ability of our committee is due the fact that not one of our contractors has had to wait a single day for his money.

There were many who advocated an unfurnished cathedral, that our debt might not be so large; but I am personally convinced that shining marble, brilliant glass, and sweet-toned organ will not deaden the spirit that made the cathedral possible, but will help it to continue until the last penny is paid.

Mentally reviewing the past four or five years, at this time one thought forces itself upon me: Meager have been the words of praise for any save myself and the members of the Building Committee; while, after all, we but disbursed the money that others contributed. Then, too, that organization of young men and women which, month after month for nearly a year, went from door to door through the parish, soliciting funds, deserves not a little of the praise. Moreover, without the constant co-operation and encouragement of His Lordship, Bishop Matz, we could not have succeeded. And none but the writer knows of the loyalty and self-sacrificing support given us by our assistants: first, by Father McDonough, who has been with us throughout the whole campaign; second, by Father Henegan, whose frail constitution gave way under the strain; and, lately, by Father Mannix and Father Bossetti.

I know no better way in which to close this story of "The Pinnacled Glory of the West" than by subjoining a few words on the lives and deeds of our committee, and to say to them, and to our parishioners all:

*"God Bless You!"*

HUGH L. McMENAMIN,  
*Rector.*

## THE BUILDING COMMITTEE

### JOHN K. MULLEN

JOHN K. MULLEN, the subject of this sketch, has justly been styled the premier Catholic layman, not only of Denver, but of Colorado and the West as well. To write his biography would be to write much of the history of the Catholic church and Catholic charities of the city, while there is scarcely a worthy institution in the state—whether Catholic, Protestant, or civic—that has not received from him liberal aid.

Born in County Galway, Ireland, June 11, 1847, Mr. Mullen came to this country when a boy of nine. The family settled in Oneida County, New York. Here, at the age of fourteen, John was employed in a flour-mill, and here he gave evidence of and developed the traits that have entered so largely into his phenomenal success. Every detail of his employer's business that passed under his notice was carefully observed, and at the age of twenty he was placed in charge of the mill.

Coming to Denver in 1871, he took charge of the Shackleton & Davis flour-mill, and five years later entered business for himself, in partnership with Theodore Seth. In little more than a year he bought his partner's interest, and during the two succeeding years bought the Iron Clad, the Sigler, and the Excelsior mills. Two years later, in 1885, he built the first grain elevator in the state, at Eighth and Lawrence Streets, known today as the Hungarian Elevator.

In 1885 he organized the Colorado Milling and Elevator Company, became its president in 1887, took over the Hungarian and Excelsior mills, and continued to build and buy others, until today the firm is operating ninety-one mills, elevators, and warehouses in Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon, with an annual business of \$18,000,000.



John K. Mullen

# The Pinnacled Glory of the West



RESIDENCES  
of the  
BUILDING  
COMMITTEE

The secret of Mr. Mullen's success lies first in his wonderful grasp of detail, his striking knowledge of men, and his rare judgment in selecting his assistants; combined with the fact that he gains and holds the confidence of all with whom he has business dealings. "As honest as John Mullen" is the highest compliment one business man can pay another.

Mr. Mullen is a large holder of Colorado land, only one other person in the state having had more land under cultivation in 1910. He is president of the J. K. Mullen Land and Cattle Company, the Harmony Land and Cattle Company, the Platte Land and Cattle Company, and the Riverside Land and Cattle Company. He is Past Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, and the donor of a valuable library to the Denver Council. A diligent student of men and books, he is today a man of great culture.

Mr. Mullen formed commercial companies, many of them, but he formed characters as well. The West is filled with prominent and successful business men who received their early start and training under his guidance.

At present Mr. Mullen has in mind the foundation of a home for aged couples—a work in keeping with his well-known charity.

As a member of the building committee, the donor of our handsome communion rail and a memorial window, as well as a generous contributor, Mr. Mullen's aid toward a completed cathedral was invaluable.

In 1874 he married Miss Katherine Smith, of Denver. Of this marriage four daughters were born: Ellen (Mrs. Eugene H. Weckbaugh), Mary (Mrs. Frank L. Tettemer), Katherine (Mrs. James E. O'Connor), and Edith (Mrs. Oscar L. Malo); all of whom live adjoining their parents' home, 896 Pennsylvania Street, Denver.

#### JOHN F. CAMPION

WHEN civic prominence and Catholic loyalty unite, we have a combination for good that can hardly be surpassed. Few men stand higher in the financial and commercial world of the West than John F. Campion; and few, if any, have been more active and loyal than he in promoting the interests of the Cathedral Parish. As chairman of the building committee, his influence was invaluable, and it was his optimism and confidence in our ultimate success that saved us more than once from prolonged delay.

Born in Prince Edward Island, December, 1849, Mr. Campion was only five years of age when his family moved to California. He later returned to Prince Edward Island to complete his education, graduating from the Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown.

Returning to the West, he engaged in mining in Nevada. He was one of the pioneers of Leadville, where he organized the Iron Hill Consolidated Mining Company; also the Elk, Bison, and Ibex (better known as the Little Johnny) companies. This latter mine has been known to produce \$2,500,000 in a single year.

After disposing of his Nevada mining property, Mr. Campion traveled extensively. It was during this time that he received an invitation from the Canadian



John F. Campion

Mr. Campion proved himself a state benefactor when, in 1899, he began the promotion of the sugar-beet industry, which today is worth \$20,000,000 annually to the State of Colorado.

He has traveled extensively, has read much, and has mingled with men of every rank and station. The result is a liberally educated, deep-thinking, and broad-minded man.

In 1894 he married Miss Nellie M. Daly, of Michigan. They have four children: John F., Jr.; Helen, Phyllis, and Roland. The palatial family home is at 800 Logan Street.

The magnificent chime of bells, described elsewhere in this volume, is a gift of the family to the cathedral.

#### CHARLES D. MCPHEE

BORN in Prince Edward Island, November 4, 1846, Charles D. McPhee, having learned the trade of carpenter, removed to Boston at the age of twenty, and for two years followed his trade in that city. Coming to Denver in 1869, he engaged in contracting and building with his brother, Angus McPhee. The very first name in the death list of the Cathedral Parish archives is that of Angus McPhee, who died

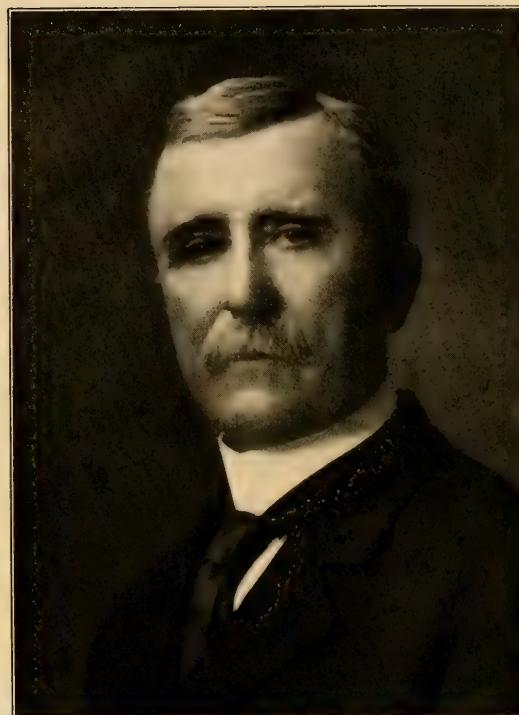
cabinet to confer with it at Winnipeg with a view to promoting the mining industry of western Canada.

Mr. Campion is a stockholder in several Denver banks, as well as in the St. Louis, Leadville, and Salt Lake City electric light plants, and is a large real-estate holder in Denver.

The city of Denver is largely indebted to him for City Park's most interesting attraction—the Museum of Natural History, than which there are few better. The exhibit of native gold in this museum—the finest in existence—is the gift of Mr. Campion. He was a promoter and organizer, and is today the president, of the Colorado Museum of Natural History.

on January 12, 1871, aged twenty-six.

After his brother's death, Mr. McPhee assumed sole control until 1874, when, under the name of McPhee & Co., he established a partnership with Mr. J. F. Keating. This partnership was dissolved in 1876, and it was not until 1879 that the partnership with J. J. McGinnity was entered into. This partnership, under the name of the McPhee & McGinnity Company, exists today, and does an extensive lumber and milling business throughout the West. It was this company that supplied the pews, the handsomely carved confessional doors, and other woodwork in the new cathedral.



Charles D. McPhee

Few men have lived longer in Denver than Mr. McPhee, and few have been more active in promoting the city's growth. The interest manifested for years by him has in recent time been taken up by his sons, one of whom, William McPhee, is now manager of the McPhee & McGinnity Company.

If Mr. McPhee's interest in civic affairs has been marked, his interest in his church has been more so. As an example of the loyal and exemplary Catholic gentleman, he is second to none. "God and the things of God first," is the keynote of his life. Always an active member of the Cathedral Parish, he was logically chosen a member of the building committee. His intimate knowledge of building in every department made him a valuable asset to the committee.

The magnificent statue of the Immaculate Conception on the main altar, and the statue of St. Joseph and Child, are the contribution of Mr. McPhee and family to the cathedral.

On September 26, 1871, he married Miss Agnes Hannah, of Wisconsin. Four daughters and four sons were born to them. One daughter is now a Madame of the Sacred Heart, and all of their daughters were educated by that community. The family residence is at 637 Eighth Avenue.

## JAMES E. O'CONNOR

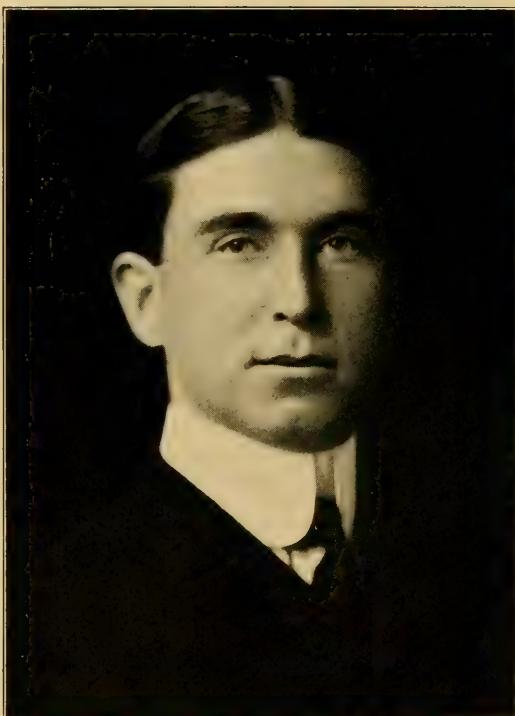
BORN in Chester, Connecticut, February 4, 1869, James E. O'Connor is a man in whom we find a happy verification of the saying: *Faber fortunae suae*, "The maker of his own destiny;" for though he passed from the grammar school of his native town to the academy at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, thence through the Niagara University, and finally graduated from the law school of Yale in 1894, he was enabled to do so only by personal thrift, and a perseverance that laughed at obstacles.

Law and politics claimed his attention for a few years in the East, until chance brought him through the West, where he met, wooed, and won one of Denver's heiresses, Miss Catherine Mullen. Naturally the West appealed to him, and, giving up a lucrative law practice in the East, he established himself in Denver. He is now attached to the extensive milling and elevator business controlled by his father-in-law, Mr. John K. Mullen.

Mr. O'Connor is a clean-cut type of Catholic gentleman—one who realizes that Holy Church is as much his as any man's, and is ever ready to bear more than his share of the burden of her success. "How much"—not how little—"can I do for religion?" is evidently his motto. Were we looking for the individual layman who has done most toward the completion of Denver's cathedral, we should unhesitatingly point to him; for it was his initiative that made the building committee a fact, and as secretary of that committee the burden of its work was his. Mr. O'Connor is also a member of the Immaculate Conception Cathedral Association—the legal corporation controlling all of the cathedral property.

Mr. O'Connor, with his charming wife and two children, has a beautiful home at 870 Pennsylvania Street.

The stained-glass window "The Visitation" is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor.

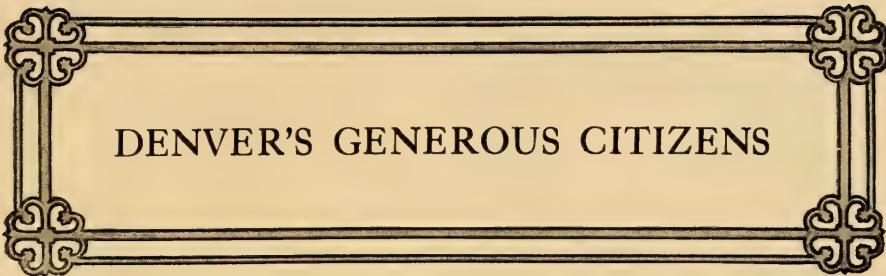


James E. O'Connor

## DENVER'S GENEROUS CITIZENS

There is no theme more plentiful to scan  
Than is the glorius, goodly fame of man!

—*Du Bartas.*



## DENVER'S GENEROUS CITIZENS



ND NOW that the story of "The Pinnacled Glory of the West" is completed, our thoughts revert to those who by their generosity made the dream of years a reality.

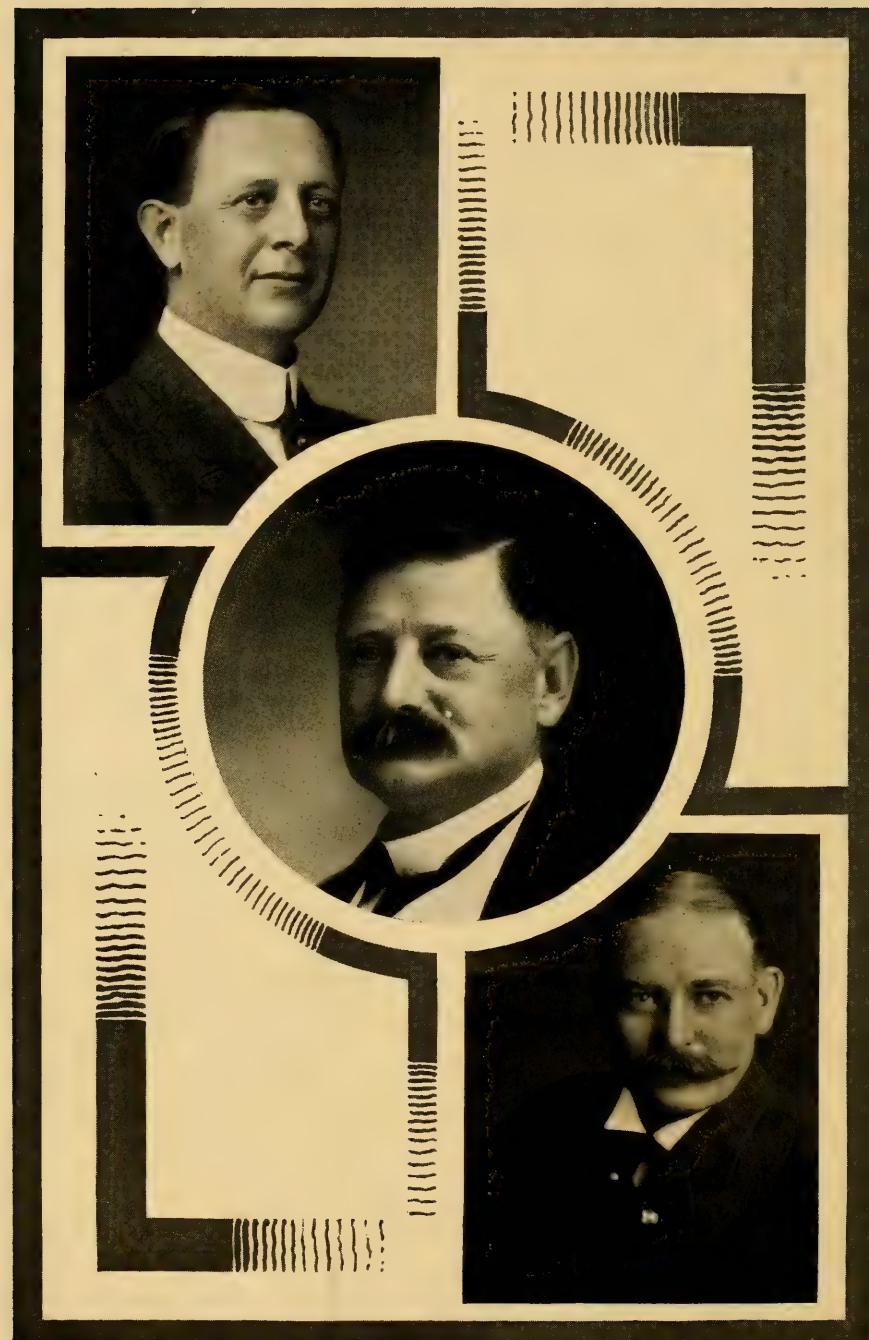
This pen may not tell the story of a thousand generous sacrifices made in behalf of that reality. It may have been the hundreds of dollars from struggling merchants; it may have been the fives, and tens, and twenties from mechanics, clerks, or working-girls; it may have been the pennies from the school-children—it matters not; for around many of these contributions, large and small, are woven stories too sacred to be written here. They are being told today by angels' lips in heaven.

Our purpose in subjoining this chapter on "Denver's Generous Citizens" is not so much to give recognition to those who aided us in the work of building a cathedral, as to give due prominence to men who have merited enviable distinction in promoting the religious and civic life of our community.

There are those among the number who were present when the Cathedral Parish was established, more than a half-century ago; and they have been largely instrumental in its success.

There are those whose names and deeds will be spoken of at a time when the great majority of their contemporaries shall have been forgotten.

There are those, too, who, though they came to our midst but lately, have already left the impress of their admirable personalities on the community; and that this volume contains the likenesses and biographies of such as these enhances its value a hundred fold.



Top, Mayor Henry J. Arnold. Center, Governor John F. Shafrroth.  
Bottom, Secretary of State James B. Pearce.

### JOHN F. SHAFROTH

BORN at Fayette, Missouri, June 9, 1854. Graduated from the University of Michigan, 1875. Married Miss Virginia Morrison, of Fayette, Missouri, October 26, 1881. Admitted to the bar of the State of Missouri, August, 1876. Practiced law at Fayette, Missouri, until October, 1879; since then in Denver. City attorney, 1887-1891. Member of Congress from the First Colorado District, 1895-1905. On February 15, 1904, refused to retain his seat in Congress, as the election had been tainted by fraud. Elected governor November, 1908; re-elected in 1910. At the election November 5, 1912, designated, by overwhelming popular vote, as the candidate of the Democratic party for United States senator. Member of the law firm of Rogers, Shafrroth & Gregg. Residence, 1537 York Street. Office, McPhee Building.

### HENRY J. ARNOLD

BORN in Missouri in 1866. Reared on a farm. Educated in a country school and the State Normal School at Warrensburg, Missouri. Came to Colorado in 1889; to Denver in 1900. Is not a politician. Never held a political office, nor was a candidate, until elected assessor of the City and County of Denver in 1910. Elected mayor of Denver in May, 1912, by the largest plurality ever given a public official in the city.

Mr. Arnold is married and has two children. He lives at 625 Emerson Street.

Mr. Arnold is a modest, unassuming man, with strong convictions, and not afraid to tell what he stands for. He takes great interest in all public affairs, and gives close personal attention to the wishes and requests of the plain people. As mayor of the city, he has made it a rule that he would personally see all the people and answer all telephone calls. As a result, he devotes twelve hours a day to his official business.

### JAMES B. PEARCE

JAMES B. PEARCE was born at McArthur, Ohio, August 29, 1865. Beginning as a messenger boy, Mr. Pearce followed the railroad business for fourteen years, and at one time was station agent at Rocky Ford, Colorado. While a member of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, Mr. Pearce took up newspaper work, and, coming to Colorado to reside, May 1, 1898, he engaged in the latter business in the city of La Junta.

For eighteen years Mr. Pearce was clerk of the court of Otero County, prior to which time he was engaged in a bank. In 1908 he was elected secretary of the State of Colorado, was re-elected to the same office in 1910, and was recently re-elected for a third term.

He has always been an efficient official, conducting all the affairs of his office for the benefit of the state; and as secretary he has shown executive ability of the highest order. His record for efficiency as secretary of state has never been equaled in Colorado. To the ragged urchin in the street as well as to the highest dignitary of the Church, Mr. Pearce has always been a cheerful giver.

### JAMES S. AUTREY

BORN in Rochester, Missouri, in 1867. Came to Colorado when twenty years of age, locating in Boulder. Engaged in the coal-mining business in Louisville almost immediately after his arrival in the state, spending six years at that place. Later he began operations in the coal fields near Walsenburg, at which place he lived for eleven years.

A self-made man is Mr. Autrey. Thrown upon the world when nine years of age, battling against overwhelming odds through misfortunes and adversities, he stands today a magnificent example to the youth who has the courage, energy, and pluck to forge ahead. Never forgetting his own struggles, Mr. Autrey is always charitable, and at no time has the cry of the homeless and friendless orphan fallen on deaf ears. There is little doubt that this is one of the great reasons why he is so bountifully supplied with this world's goods.

In 1909 Mr. Autrey and his family—consisting of his devoted wife and two charming daughters—moved from Walsenburg to Denver, taking up their residence at 765 Emerson Street. The older



### PHILIP CLARKE

PHILIP CLARKE was born in Ireland thirty-three years ago, and, like many of his countrymen, landed in New York soon after reaching his majority. He had not been long there when he hastened to Denver to become a member of the James Clarke Church Goods House, which firm had just been established by his enterprising brother. He is today commercial traveler of that firm, but from time to time may be seen at their spacious store at 1645-47 California Street.

This emporium for church goods compares favorably with the large Barclay Street house of New York City. The members of this firm are men active in church and charitable enterprises.

Mr. Clarke resides at 1318 Eighteenth Avenue.



daughter, Mary, graduated recently from the Wolcott School; the younger, Garnet, is at present attending school in the East.

### GEORGE W. COFFIN

BORN January 10, 1872, in Portland, Maine. Moved to Newark, New Jersey, with his family at the age of eleven years, receiving his education in the public schools of Newark and the New Jersey Business College. After graduation, took up bicycle racing and followed this profession for several years, achieving fame in the number of races won, having over one hundred to his credit in a single year. At the age of twenty-five, Mr.

Coffin engaged in business with his father and brothers, being one of the organizers of the firm of Coffin & Sons, wholesale meat-dealers and provisioners. This business grew into one of the largest of its kind in the Atlantic states.



In the year 1901 Mr. Coffin came to Denver. Shortly after his arrival here he engaged in the wholesale meat business at 1747 Market Street, succeeding James M. Doyle. Success was his from the start, and in 1903 he organized what is now known as the Coffin Packing and Provision Company, recognized as one of the largest packing and provision companies west of Omaha.

In 1899 Mr. Coffin was united in marriage to Miss Alice McDermott, of Paterson, New Jersey. He is the father of five sons, all of whom are living. The family resides at 107 Grant Street.

Square and upright in all his dealings, and never turning away one in want, Mr. Coffin occupies an enviable position in the commercial world today.

#### GEORGE F. COTTRELL

GEORGE F. COTTRELL is well known to the citizens of Denver and to the readers of *Parish Topics*. Mr. Cottrell came from Providence, Rhode Island, in 1890. Pleased with the climate,

and having confidence in the future of Denver, he decided to make this city his home. On July 23, 1893—the very day the banks were closing their doors—he opened his modest furnishing store for men at 613 Sixteenth Street. His genial disposition, sterling honesty, and absolute reliability soon gained for him the confidence of the public. His business increased from year to year, and, after outgrowing his old quarters, he moved into the Mack Block, next door, 621 Sixteenth Street. His new store is considered one of the best-appointed and best-lighted in its line in America, and is a good advertisement for Denver.

Success in business in our day is not always a safe standard by which to judge the work of men. We have not written this little sketch of Mr. Cottrell's life especially to commend him for his business success, flattering though this may be, but rather to praise him for his practical catholicity. In everything that pertains to the advancement



and exaltation of the Church he has displayed a deep and sincere interest. He has been generous in his support of religion and in his response to the demands of charity.

Like many other members of our parish, Mr. Cottrell adds luster to the name "Catholic."

The Cottrell home is at 1484 Cook Street.



### JOHN F. HEALY

JOHN F. HEALY, chief of the Denver Fire Department, was born in Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, and came to New York in 1884, when he was eleven years old. From there he moved to Denver in the fall of 1889, and has resided here since.

In September, 1894, Mr. Healy was appointed fireman on the Fire Department. He was then twenty-one years of age, and his ability is clearly shown in the rapid promotions he has made. He was appointed lieutenant in 1899, captain in 1900, assistant chief on May 1, 1903, and on the retirement of Chief Owens, on August 1, 1912, he was promoted to chief.

On September 26, 1900, he was united in marriage to Miss Cathleen Gallagher, of Denver. His wife is well known throughout the city, belonging to the oldest Catholic family in the Annunciation Parish. Her family originally came from Massachusetts, and when Bishop Matz was pastor of old St. Anne's, now Annunciation Church, they

### HERBERT C. FAIRALL

BORN February 9, 1879, in Chicago. Attended St. Mary's School at Fifteenth and Stout Streets, Denver, commencing in 1885. Has lived in the Cathedral Parish from 1884 to the present time. In 1906 he married Miss Tusella Lakas, of Denver. They have two children: Eleanor, aged five years, and Dorothy, aged eighteen months. They reside at 1354 Race Street.

After leaving school, Mr. Fairall was employed with the *Daily Journal* of Denver, and since 1900 he has been secretary and treasurer of the Daily Journal Publishing Company. In 1909 he was appointed secretary of the State Board of Equalization, which position he still retains. In addition to this, in May, 1912, he was appointed secretary of the Colorado Tax Commission. He is a fourth-degree member of the Knights of Columbus, and has been secretary of the Knights of Columbus Building Association since its organization in 1905. He has been head of the Fourth Degree Assembly in Denver for the past two and a half years. Besides, Mr. Fairall is a member of the Knights of St. John, Denver Press Club, and Chamber of Commerce.

Few of Denver's younger men are as genuinely admired by their fellows as Mr. Fairall, and few deserve admiration better.



rendered valuable assistance to him. Mr. and Mrs. Healy have three children, two boys and a girl, who are pupils at the Sacred Heart School. The lasting value of Catholic education appeals to him. He is determined that his children be as Catholic as himself. They live at 2635 Stout Street.

### JOHN E. HESSE

A PLOWBOY at fifteen, a bank president at thirty—this tells the story of the rapid rise of John E. Hesse.

Born in Bow Valley, Nebraska, February 26, 1880, he spent at study the interim between his



various duties on his father's farm, and at the age of eighteen began the profession of teaching in the public schools of his native state. Here again his spare moments were used for further study. After four years' teaching he came to Colorado, becoming associated with the banking house of R. H. McMann & Co.

His keen intellect and rare judgment of men make of Mr. Hesse a natural leader—a fact recognized by his fellow-men, as evidenced by their electing him Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus (twice), president of the State Bank and Trust Company, branch of the Colorado Bankers' Association, secretary of the Saturday and Sunday Hospital Association, and Supreme Delegate for Colorado for the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. In 1910 he organized and became first president of the Hibernia Bank and Trust Company of Denver.

No man in recent years has been more closely associated with, or has given more of his time and

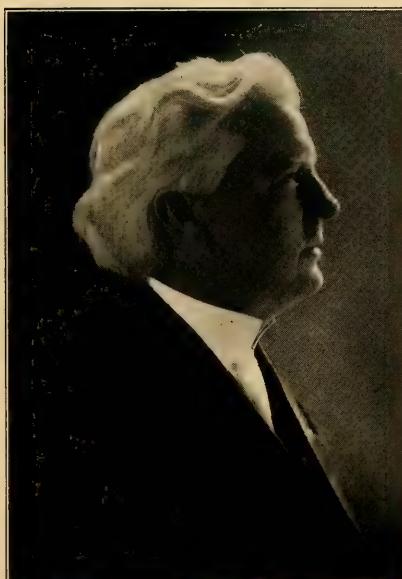
energy to, Catholic charities than Mr. Hesse, and the Cathedral Parish has always found in him a willing worker.

With Mrs. Hesse—formerly Miss Esther McCabe, of Denver—and their four charming children, he lives at 1132 Clarkson Street.

### WILLIAM P. HORAN

BORN at Greenfield, Massachusetts, March 8, 1866. When fourteen years old he went to Boston, where he was employed by a large dry-goods firm, first as errand boy and later as traveling salesman. He came to Denver in 1887, where he opened an undertaking and embalming parlor in the Charles Building. In 1890 he married Miss Lila Carrigan, and has six children—four boys and two girls.

Mr. Horan is Past Master of the Fourth Degree of the Knights of Columbus, a member of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, a charter member of the Holy Name Society, a member of the American Degree of Honor, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the Woodmen of the World, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Motor Club.



He has the distinction of being the first person to contribute toward the building of the cathedral since the work was placed in the hands of the

present rector, Father McMenamin. That contribution of \$250 has been liberally added to since. The priests attached to the Cathedral Parish are in a position to know the extent of his charity and the kindness with which it is dispensed.

That Mr. Horan recognizes the value of a Catholic education is evidenced by the fact that he was influenced in his selection of his present home at Eighteenth Avenue and Grant Street by the fact that residence there made attendance at the Cathedral School easy for his children. Again, in selecting a college for the higher education of his boys, he thought only of Catholic colleges, and three of his boys are now Jesuit College students.

Besides caring for his business, Mr. Horan has devoted some time to politics and was repeatedly chosen coroner of the City and County of Denver.



JOHN A. KEEFE

BORN January 6, 1855, in County Limerick, Ireland. Left Ireland at the age of six, coming to Dover, Delaware. Spent his boyhood and young manhood in Delaware and New Jersey, and also a brief period in New York City. Came west at the age of twenty-four, stopping a short time in Texas. He arrived in Denver on April 12, 1879.

Mr. Keefe obtained his first employment in a brickyard, and soon became the owner of one.

He is today president and manager of the Keefe Manufacturing and Investment Company, manager of the Denver Brick Manufacturers' Association, partner in the Gaffy & Keefe Construction Company, a director and chairman of the executive committee of the German-American Trust Company, vice-president of the Lakeside Realty and Amusement Company, president of the Kaiserhof Hotel Company, and president of the Hartford Insurance and Investment Company. He is also interested in many other insurance companies. He is part owner of the St. James Hotel. One of his latest acquisitions in real estate was in 1910, when, with Mr. Godfrey Schirmer and the late Mr. P. J. Friederich, he secured a ninety-nine-year lease on the eleven lots at the corner of Seventeenth and Welton Streets.

Mr. Keefe is a fourth-degree member of the Knights of Columbus, a member of the Elks Lodge, of the East Denver Turnverein, and of the Chamber of Commerce.

On January 15, 1883, he married Miss Mary A. Quinn, of Mount Holly, New Jersey, who is now deceased. From that union were born eight children—one boy and seven girls—all of whom are living.

On November 8, 1900, he married Miss Elizabeth M. Quinn, also of Mount Holly, New Jersey. To them were born three boys and one girl, the girl dying in infancy.

The Keefe family lives at 1601 York Street.

No call from the church has ever been made without a generous response from Mr. Keefe.

#### ROADY KENEHAN

FROM the hammer and anvil to auditor of a great commonwealth is ordinarily a long journey, but for Roady Kenehan it took but a day. That was only four years ago—in January, 1909—but today the “Blacksmith Treasurer” is a national figure; for so well did he serve his state as auditor that, since the state laws would not permit his re-election to that office, the people made him treasurer two years later, by a vote far in excess of that of his party. His record as treasurer is of equal merit, and he is again auditor-elect, and will begin his second term in January, 1913.

Born in Queens County, Ireland, in May, 1856, Roady Kenehan came to this country, and settled in Philadelphia as a horseshoer. A few years later

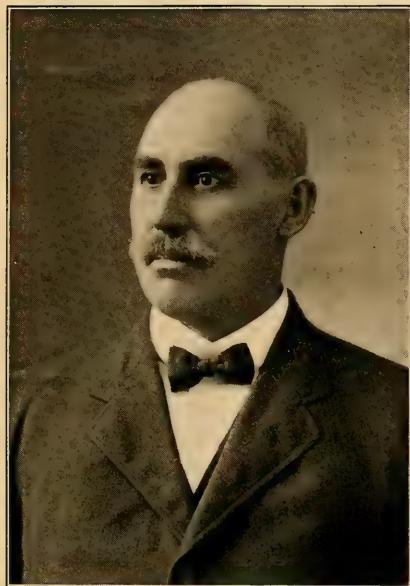
## WILLIAM R. LEONARD

VICE-PRESIDENT and member of the board of directors of the Hibernia Bank and Trust Company. Born in Beaver Meadow, Carbon County, Pennsylvania. His early days were spent in Janesville and Hazleton, Pennsylvania. At the age of twenty-three he came west, locating in the Black Hills, South Dakota. After residing there a short time, he removed to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

He was one of the locators of the Mammoth Mine, at Mace, which was later sold to the Federal Mining and Smelting Company for over \$3,000,000. For his interest Mr. Leonard received one-half in cash and the balance in stock of the purchasing company, in which he is still a large stockholder.

Mr. Leonard built and owns the Blanchard Hotel on Welton Street, Denver, and is also the owner of the Burk Block in this city, besides having large real-estate holdings in Pueblo, Wallace, Idaho, and Spokane, Washington.

In 1902 he was married to Miss J. Frances Coll, of Pueblo. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard reside at 144 Sherman Street.

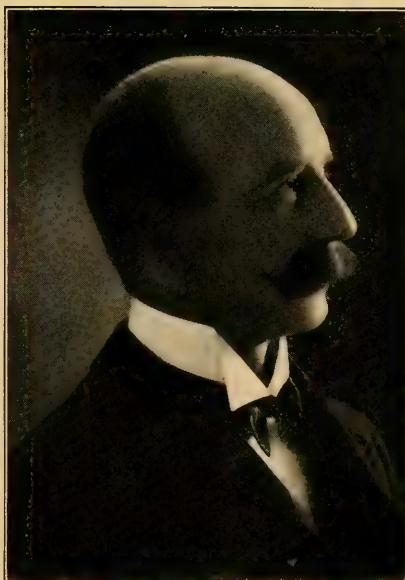


He joined the forces at work on the Union Pacific Railroad, in the same avocation. Later he went to Silverton, Colorado, in quest of gold and silver. But the ring of the anvil was still music to his ear, and we find him taking up his favorite pursuit in John Murphy's shop, at Fifteenth and Wazee Streets, as many as twenty-seven years ago. In that position he remained until one night, four years ago, he laid down his hammer, doffed his apron, and the next morning took his place at the auditor's desk in the State Capitol.

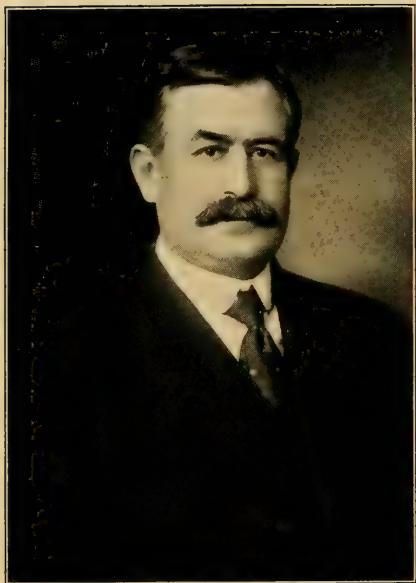
Mr. Kenehan for twenty years has held the office of secretary and treasurer of the Horse Shoeing Association of the United States and Canada, each successive convention electing him by acclamation. He served on the State Board of Arbitration under three succeeding governors—Adams, Thomas, and Orman—and was assistant city supervisor for Denver. He is an active member of the Knights of Columbus.

In 1883 he married Miss Julia Casey, a daughter of Sergeant Casey. Nine children have been born to them, six of whom are living. The Kenehan family on both sides is Catholic in the strongest sense of the word. Mrs. Kenehan has four sisters who embraced the religious life.

The family resides at 1464 Winona Court.



Mr. Leonard is a most practical and charitable Catholic. He is a member of the Knights of Columbus and holds a life membership in the Elks of Idaho.



### LARRY MARONEY

FIFTY years is a long time back in the history of Colorado; yet fifty years ago found Larry Maroney seeking his fortune among the newly found gold fields of Black Hawk. For years he followed the avocation of gold-mining in different parts of the state. Turning to other channels, he established a lumber and hardware business in Cripple Creek, in Greeley, and in Longmont, as well as in Cheyenne.

Today he is president of the First National Bank of Cripple Creek, and president of the Hibernia Bank and Trust Company of Denver.

He is a fourth-degree member of the Knights of Columbus, and a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, No. 316.

In 1891 he married Miss Katherine Boland, of Aspen, and with her and their delightful family of eight children lives at 760 Clarkson Street. His hospitable country home between Denver and Morrison is the mecca for many visitors during the summer. It is known for its remarkable beauty.

### JOHN B. McGAURAN

JOHN B. McGAURAN is no stranger to the people of Colorado. In every movement that has for its purpose the uplifting of his fellow-men he has

taken an active and energetic interest. In his unshakable courage, in his self-reliance, and in his mountain-like truth and honesty he is an example worthy of closest imitation.

We need men like Mr. McGauran—men of quiet fearlessness, of deep moral character, who know principles apart from policies; who, without pretense, without hypocrisy, without an eye to self-aggrandizement, act according to principles based on intellectual and moral convictions. The clamor of popularity or political preferment has never influenced Mr. McGauran to swerve for one instant from what he conceived to be the right, nor to sacrifice his principles for present advantages.

For years he was engaged in journalism, and we have never known him to espouse an unworthy cause. He has stood like a mountain against the pernicious intrigues of corrupt politicians, defending the rights and privileges of the masses. The testimony of one of the editors of a Denver paper is the testimony of them all: "Mr. McGauran is a fearless champion of decency and an honor to our profession."



Politics has claimed not a little of his time in recent years, and his fellow-citizens have shown their confidence in the man by electing him to the

Board of Supervisors, which office he is holding today.

As Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus in former years, and as District Deputy at this writing, Mr. McGauran has done much to foster Columbianism.

#### JOHN McGREGOR

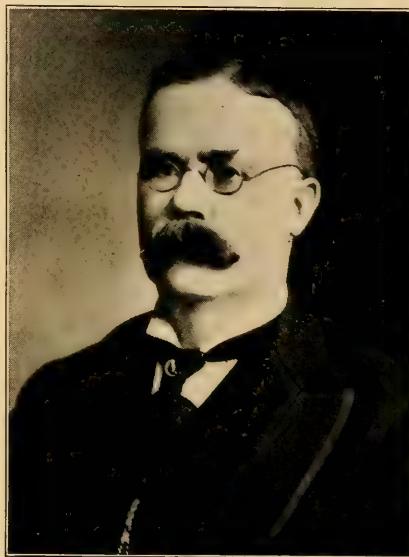
BORN in Brauly, Inverness-shire, Scotland, forty years ago, John McGregor, on his arrival in the United States, in November, 1889, came directly to Denver. After three years spent in the railroad business, he took up insurance, and for ten years was local cashier for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company. Passing from this company, he became general manager for Colorado for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, which position he holds today.

Mr. McGregor is a fourth-degree member of the Knights of Columbus and one of the board of trustees of that organization; also a member of the Elks, former president of the Colorado Association of Life Underwriters, and a member of Caledonian Club No. 1 of Colorado.

Few men enjoy the popularity of John McGregor, and few men are more generous with their means and talents. The Cathedral Parish, of which he has been a member for more than twenty years,

owes him much. When our needs were greatest, he was one of the first to lend a willing hand.

In 1892 he married Miss Mary A. Stall, of Newport, Kentucky. With their three children, they live at 1538 Detroit Street.



#### JAMES McPARLAND

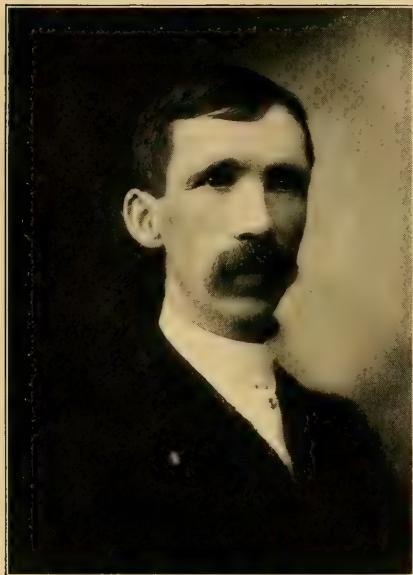
BORN in County Armagh, Ireland, James McParland came to this country in the early sixties. During the Civil War, in 1862, he became connected with the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, and has remained in that service up to the present time. In 1887 Mr. McParland came to Denver, where he established the well-known headquarters of the Pinkerton agency, of which he is manager. This western division extends from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast, and Mr. McParland has been connected with nearly every big case handled by the agency.

In 1880 he married Miss Mary Regan at Chicago. They reside at 1256 Columbine Street.

Mr. McParland is a fourth-degree member of the Knights of Columbus, and a strong advocate of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. He has been a member of the Cathedral Parish for a number of years, and has always assisted in any undertaking to further the interests of the Church. His presence was noticed at the breaking of ground for the cathedral in 1902. He was present when



the corner-stone was laid, as well as when the spires were capped. No man bore a more radiant smile than he at the dedication ceremonies. We hope to have him with us at the consecration.



DENNIS W. MULLEN

BORN in County Galway, Ireland, in May, 1849. Came to America in June, 1856. Settled in Oneida County, New York. Came to Colorado in May, 1873. Was first employed by the Shackelton & Davis Flour Mills. Is at present interested in the Colorado Milling and Elevator Company; also in real estate and mining. Married in June, 1882, at Oriskany Falls, New York, to Miss Anna E. Hughes. Family: John, Charles, Edmund, and Raymond.

Mr. Mullen has taken an active interest in the House of the Good Shepherd, having been treasurer of their annual picnics and balls for a number of years. He belongs to the Sons of Colorado and various other organizations. He was a representative in the Eighth General Assembly.

That Mr. Mullen is in favor of Catholic education he has demonstrated by sending four of his sons to the College of the Sacred Heart, from which three have graduated, while one is in attendance at present. His son Charles received the degree of doctor of philosophy under the guidance of the

Jesuit Fathers at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; while at present another son, Edmund, is pursuing his studies at that university.

Mr. Mullen is one of the trustees of St. Leo's Church. He has always been a liberal contributor to Catholic churches and institutions, having presented stained-glass windows to St. Leo's Church, and helped paying for the erection of the steeple of St. Elizabeth's Church. His name may also be found in this volume as the donor of a memorial to the new cathedral.

Mr. Mullen lives at 860 Emerson Street.

#### DAVID O'BRIEN

DAVID O'BRIEN was born in Portland, Connecticut. In 1888 he came west, settling in Wyoming, where for fourteen years he was manager of the dry-goods and clothing department of the Rocky Mountain Fuel and Iron Company's store at Evanston. During part of the year 1901 he was a member of the Wyoming legislature. He resigned in July, 1901, to come to Denver, where he has since resided. Mr. O'Brien is proprietor of the O'Brien Hat Store, 1112 Sixteenth Street.

He is a fourth-degree member of Council 539, Knights of Columbus, and for three years was elected lecturer of that order. He is an active member of the Holy Name Society, and for three



years was president of St. Dominic's Branch; he has also been president of the Cathedral Branch.

At the organization of the Denver County Federation of Catholic Societies, Mr. O'Brien was elected first vice-president.

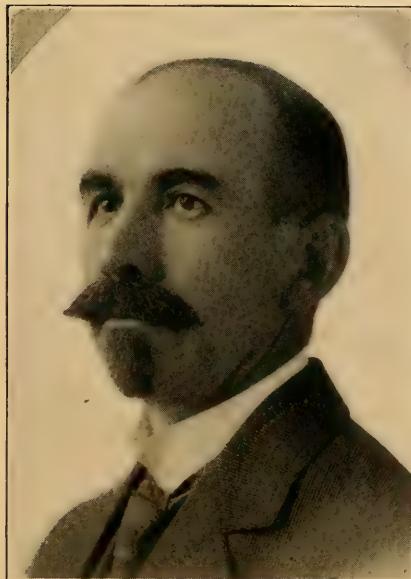
In 1891 Mr. O'Brien married Miss Rose A. McWard at Evanston, Wyoming. They have three children—Emma, Clarence, and Helena—and reside at 960 Marion Street.

#### MARTIN J. O'FALLON

MARTIN J. O'FALLON was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, in 1863, and came to Denver in 1889. He is founder of the business that bears his name, and is a self-made man, having always been successful.

He is a fourth-degree member of the Knights of Columbus, Council 539, and for many years has been one of the trustees of that organization. The erection of that council's beautiful clubroom is due in part to him. He is also connected with the Cathedral Branch of the Holy Name Society.

On July 1, 1897, Mr. O'Fallon married Mary M. O'Berne in Ireland. They have a beautiful home at 1580 Vine Street. Both Mr. and Mrs. O'Fallon have taken a lively interest in Denver's charitable institutions, and have always been liberal contributors to the Cathedral Parish.



#### FELIX O'NEILL

BORN in Clifton Springs, New York, September 8, 1863. A graduate of the public high school, he came west twenty-six years ago, partly for the sake of his health and partly for the opportunities offered to a young man in Colorado. He first went into the employ of the Morey Mercantile Company, and later became a salesman for the Continental Oil Company.

Mr. O'Neill has always held politics a vital issue, and since he came to Colorado he has been known as an ardent supporter of the Democratic party. Under the administration of Platt Rodgers, Mr. O'Neill served as water commissioner. Withdrawing from politics, he became interested in mining, and spent much of his time for a few years in Cripple Creek, where he invested heavily. Under the administration of Mayor Johnston, as superintendent of the Street Cleaning Department Mr. O'Neill exhibited such business ability and superiority that it won for him the position of captain of police.

From police captain he advanced to the position of under-sheriff, which position he held for three years. Again giving up politics, he went into the contracting business, which claimed three years of his time and attention. Retiring from this business,

he filled the position of sergeant-at-arms of the Seventeenth General Assembly.

Governor Shafroth honored him with the appointment as warden of the State Reformatory. It was this position which gave him his power and influence, as well as the distinction of being the first Catholic warden to appoint a Catholic priest as chaplain of a penal institution in the State of Colorado.

Before his term had expired, he was appointed chief of police of Denver, which position he is holding at the present time.



JOSEPH A. OSNER

BORN in Clyde, Ohio, October 23, 1857. Moved to Toledo, Ohio, with his parents when five years old, where he attended Father Buff's parish school. He came to Colorado in 1878, and married Miss Minnie Wernert, of Toledo, Ohio, in the same year.

Mr. Osner started freighting to Oro City and Leadville in 1879, engaged in railroad contracting in 1880, and helped build all the western railroads: South Park, Denver & Rio Grande, Union Pacific, Burlington, and Stanly Lake; also the Burlington Ditch, Barr Lake, Lake Loveland, and the Nyel irrigation system. He owns a large stock farm east of Denver.

Mr. Osner is a member of the Knights of Colum-

bus, No. 539, and Elks Lodge No. 17. He is a director of the Gentlemen's Driving and Riding Club, and a member of the Traffic Club and Chamber of Commerce.

Though not a member of the Cathedral Parish, being attached to St. Elizabeth's, Mr. Osner has been a generous contributor to the cathedral; while the activity of both Mr. and Mrs. Osner in works of charity is as extensive as the city itself.

Mr. Osner resides at 357 Broadway.

#### GEORGE W. PRIOR

PRESIDENT of the George W. Prior Hat Company. Born in England, April 16, 1864. At the age of nine he came directly to Denver. As a mere boy, in 1881, he went into business with D. M. Johnston, whom he afterward succeeded. He has two sons—Arthur W. and Harry Prior—both of whom are connected with him in business at 1729 Lawrence Street, and a daughter, Marie, attending Loretto Heights Academy.

Although not a Catholic himself, Mr. Prior has been a generous contributor to the Catholic church. Mrs. Prior is an untiring worker in all good causes, and considers no task too hard where even the least good may be accomplished. Mr. and Mrs. Prior, with their family, reside at 1235 Pennsylvania Street.





LAWRENCE M. PURCELL

LAWRENCE M. PURCELL, president of the Purcell Land and Investment Company, was born in Ireland, and came to New York City at the age of fifteen. His first position was with the well-known firm of Park & Tilford. With this firm he remained while in New York City, but, learning of the great resources of Colorado, and being a young man filled with ambition, indomitable courage and proud self-confidence, he came to Denver to carve out his future, engaging in the building business.

In 1894 he became interested in the wholesale shoe and leather business, and for fourteen years was secretary and treasurer of the Dunn Shoe and Leather Company. In 1908 he took up real-estate investments, and is largely interested in lands in Weld and Morgan Counties. The town of Purcell, in the Greeley-Poudre Irrigation District, was named in his honor.

Mr. Purcell is a charter member of the Denver Council of the Knights of Columbus. He has taken an active interest in St. Vincent's Orphan Home, of which he has been treasurer for several years. At present he is actively promoting the interests of the newly organized parish in Park Hill. Mr. Purcell lives at 2379 Dahlia Street.

### JOHN H. REDDIN

JOHN H. REDDIN has been a resident of the Cathedral Parish for twenty years. He lives at 1655 York Street. He is married, his family consisting of wife and four children. His birthplace is Seneca County, New York, but his boyhood days were spent in the towns of Oneida and Norwich, in that state. He early took up the study of law, teaching in the country schools at intervals, to enable him to pursue his law studies. He was admitted to the bar at Albany, New York, in 1881, and came to Denver in that year.

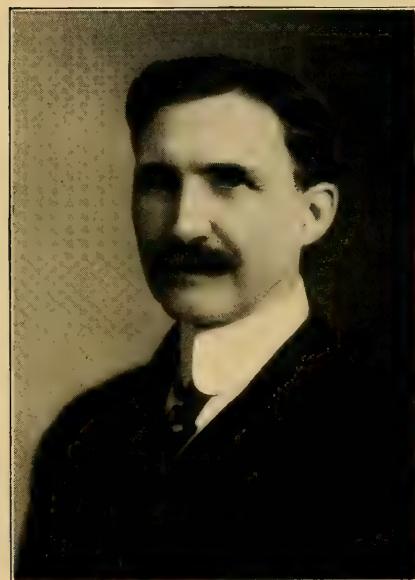
Thrown upon his own resources, he determined to obtain a foothold in the growing western city, and from a clerkship in the old City National Bank he passed, two days later, into the district attorney's office. John R. Hanna, president of the bank, handed him ten dollars for his two days' work—his first earnings in Denver—with expressions of regret that he was leaving the banking business.

Some months later he hung out a shingle for himself and decided to "go it" alone. Today he is a member of the American Bar Association, comprising the leading lawyers of the United States, and also of the local Denver Bar Association. He is Past Exalted Ruler of the local Denver lodge of Elks, while his work in behalf of the Knights of



Columbus is known from end to end of the continent. He has spread the doctrines of Columbianism from Denver to San Francisco and from Seattle to the City of Mexico, traveling thousands of miles and conferring degrees. He reconstructed the ritual of the order, and rejuvenated the Fourth Degree, of which he is at the present time Supreme Master for the United States and Canada, as well as a member of the Supreme Board of Directors of the order.

Mr. Reddin is the author of "The Romance of a Rosary," written on the occasion of Cardinal Gibbons' golden jubilee—a real gem of literature.



WILLIAM SAYER

BORN in Canada, near the St. Lawrence River. In the latter part of 1879 he came to Colorado, locating first at Leadville, where for two years he was employed as a salesman and later became interested in mining. In the fall of 1884 he opened a men's furnishing establishment in Aspen, of which business he was in active charge for five years. Coming to Denver in 1889, he was one of the organizers of the Bogue Lead Company, now located at 1809 Blake Street.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Sayer engaged in the electrical business at 1522 Stout Street, remaining in that location for twelve years. The old Stout

Street cathedral formerly stood on this spot, which is a most reverential and pleasing memory to Mr. Sayer; for there he worshiped, and there he was united in marriage to Miss Nellie Shevlin, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Machebeuf, long since deceased.

Mr. Sayer has always been active in choir circles, and has given much time and labor to this service since becoming a resident of Denver. For two years he sang in the choir of St. Joseph's Church, when Rev. Father Malone was pastor, and since then he has sung bass in the choir of the Logan Avenue Chapel.

Mr. Sayer is a fourth-degree and charter member of the Knights of Columbus. He resides at 1361 Pennsylvania Street.

All the electrical fixtures in the new cathedral were installed by Mr. Sayer's firm.

#### PETER C. SCHAEFER

JUST ten years ago Peter C. Schaefer, as president, together with his younger brother, Joseph A. Schaefer, organized the Schaefer Tent and Awning Company. This company now owns one of the largest and best-equipped factories of its kind in the entire West. Besides having a large retail business in the city of Denver, the greater part of its production—consisting of tents, awnings, horse

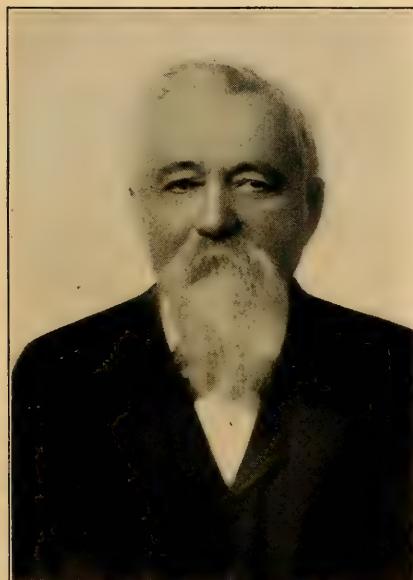


blankets, flags, mine filter cloths, ore sacks, etc.—is being shipped north as far as Canada and west as far as the coast, besides being imported into old Mexico. This entire territory is visited regularly by the Schaefer salesmen.

Mr. Schaefer was born in Denver, was a student at the Sacred Heart College, and is now a member of the Knights of Columbus, Holy Name Society, Sons of Colorado, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Mystic Order of Clans, Chamber of Commerce, Denver Motor Club, Stockmen's Club, and Colorado Traffic Club. He is a member of the Cathedral Parish. Mr. Schaefer is also secretary of the Schaefer Realty Company, owners of the buildings occupied by the Orient Hotel and the new Elgin Hotel—two valuable Welton Street properties.

The Cathedral Parish is indebted to Mr. Schaefer for generous assistance and many courtesies.

Mr. Schaefer resides at 966 Marion Street.



JACOB SCHERRER

BORN in France in 1838, of German and French ancestry, Jacob Scherrer came to America with his parents in 1847, settling in Iowa.

Fifty-three years ago we find him crossing the plains with ox teams, having the customary encounter with Indians. Many members of his train

retraced their steps, but he continued, and settled in what is now the town of Boulder. To his home Father Machebeuf came once each month to say mass, and he has been intimately connected with the Church in Colorado since that time. He was a member of the committee that constructed the first Catholic parish school, on the corner of Stout and Fifteenth Streets, and enlarged the old St. Mary's.

In the early sixties Mr. Scherrer became interested in the cattle business, and he has remained in the same business up to the present. In 1863 he left Colorado and went to Montana for two years, engaging in the stock business. He laid out the town of Helena. In 1868 he made Denver his permanent home. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce in 1883, 1884, 1885, and 1886; county commissioner in 1883, 1884, and 1885; and president of the Colorado Cattle Association in 1881. His summer home—known as Bar-Tree Ranch—in Yuma County is situated on a ranch of 4,200 acres.

In 1871 he married Miss Leontine Louise Marion, the daughter of another pioneer. Bishop Machebeuf performed the ceremony. Ten children were born of this union, of whom eight are living.

The Denver residence of Mr. Scherrer is at 1075 Emerson Street.

#### DENNIS SHEEDY

BORN in Ireland, September 26, 1846, Dennis Sheedy came with his parents to Massachusetts when a mere child. From there the family moved to Iowa in 1858; and five years later, or in 1863, Mr. Sheedy, then a lad of seventeen, crossed the plains, walking most of the way.

His first business venture was a grocery supply house in Montana, which he sold out after six months. Later he returned to Chicago, where he studied commercial law, and then captained a band of emigrants across the plains to Utah. The history of that journey is replete with exciting encounters with the Indians.

Mr. Sheedy next engaged in merchandizing and freighting, covering the territory of Montana, Utah, Idaho, and Nevada. In 1869 we find him heavily interested in the business of cattle-trading.

Returning to Denver in 1881, he has continued to make this city his home.



#### ANDREW H. SMITH

"FIFTY-TWO years ago," says the historian of this volume, "the Cathedral Parish was organized;" and fifty-two years ago—or in May, 1860—Andrew H. Smith came to this parish. No man, therefore, can claim a longer membership.

Born in County Cavan, Ireland, sixty-nine years ago—in the house his ancestors had occupied for more than a century—he came to America with his parents at the age of twelve, and settled in Madison, Wisconsin. He studied at the university of that city, and in 1860 drove a team of horses from Madison to Denver.

One of the earliest records in the cathedral archives chronicles the marriage of Mr. Smith and Miss Laura Lemmon, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Machebeuf.

Mr. Smith was active in establishing the present town of Greeley, having once owned 160 acres of the present townsite.

As a member of the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade, he has done much for early Denver.

Mr. Sheedy is vice-president of the Colorado National Bank. For years he was president and general superintendent of the Globe Smelting and Refining Company, and later vice-president of the International Smelter and Refining Company. He has patented eighteen inventions used in the smelting and reduction of valuable ores. He is president of the Denver Dry Goods Company, one of the largest establishments of its kind west of the Mississippi, covering just one-half of a city block. As an evidence of Mr. Sheedy's wonderful executive ability, let it be stated that he took charge of this business at a time when others had failed to make it pay. The same or similar conditions existed when he was made general superintendent of the Globe Smelting and Refining Company. To continue a success attained by others is within the scope of many, but it takes rare ability to bring early success out of failures.

Mr. Sheedy is every inch a Catholic, and his work in behalf of St. Vincent's Orphanage is well known to all the Catholics of the city.

Mr. Sheedy's wife, nee Katherine V. Ryan, died in 1895. In 1898 he married Miss Mary Theresa Burke, of Chicago. Two daughters by the first marriage are now Mrs. Robert L. Livingston and Mrs. Isaac Townsend Burden, living in New York.

The family residence is at 1115 Grant Street.



Mr. Smith's Denver residence is at 1331 Logan Street, his winters being spent with his family between southern California and the eastern coast of Florida.

## CHARLES MCA. WILLCOX

THOUGH not a Catholic, Charles McAllister Willcox logically finds a place in this volume—first by reason of his estimable Catholic wife and daughter, and, second, in virtue of his constant interest in the building of the cathedral. More than once his well-known artistic taste was invoked by the rector.

Mr. Willcox was born at the Golden Gate forty years ago. He comes from a family of soldiers, his father being Brigadier-General Willcox. He himself is responsible for the best-equipped volunteer regiment sent to the Spanish-American War.

In boyhood he came to Denver, and, while gathering news for a Denver daily, gathered knowledge of men and business as well. Today he is recognized as one of Denver's foremost citizens. He is vice-president and general manager of the Daniels & Fisher Stores Company. He is president of the Denver Club, and a member of every other prominent club in the city. No man enjoys a greater, or a more deserved, popularity. He is

chairman of the Civic Center Committee and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He is ever active for a greater Denver, and his name is associated with all activities having for their object the advancement of the welfare of his adopted state.

In 1906 Mr. Willcox married Miss DePazza Roberts, one of Denver's cleverest, most accomplished and attractive women. The family residence is at 1129 Pennsylvania Street.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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